

AMERICAN  
COMICS GROUP  
ACG

*America's Funniest Family!*

AMERICAN  
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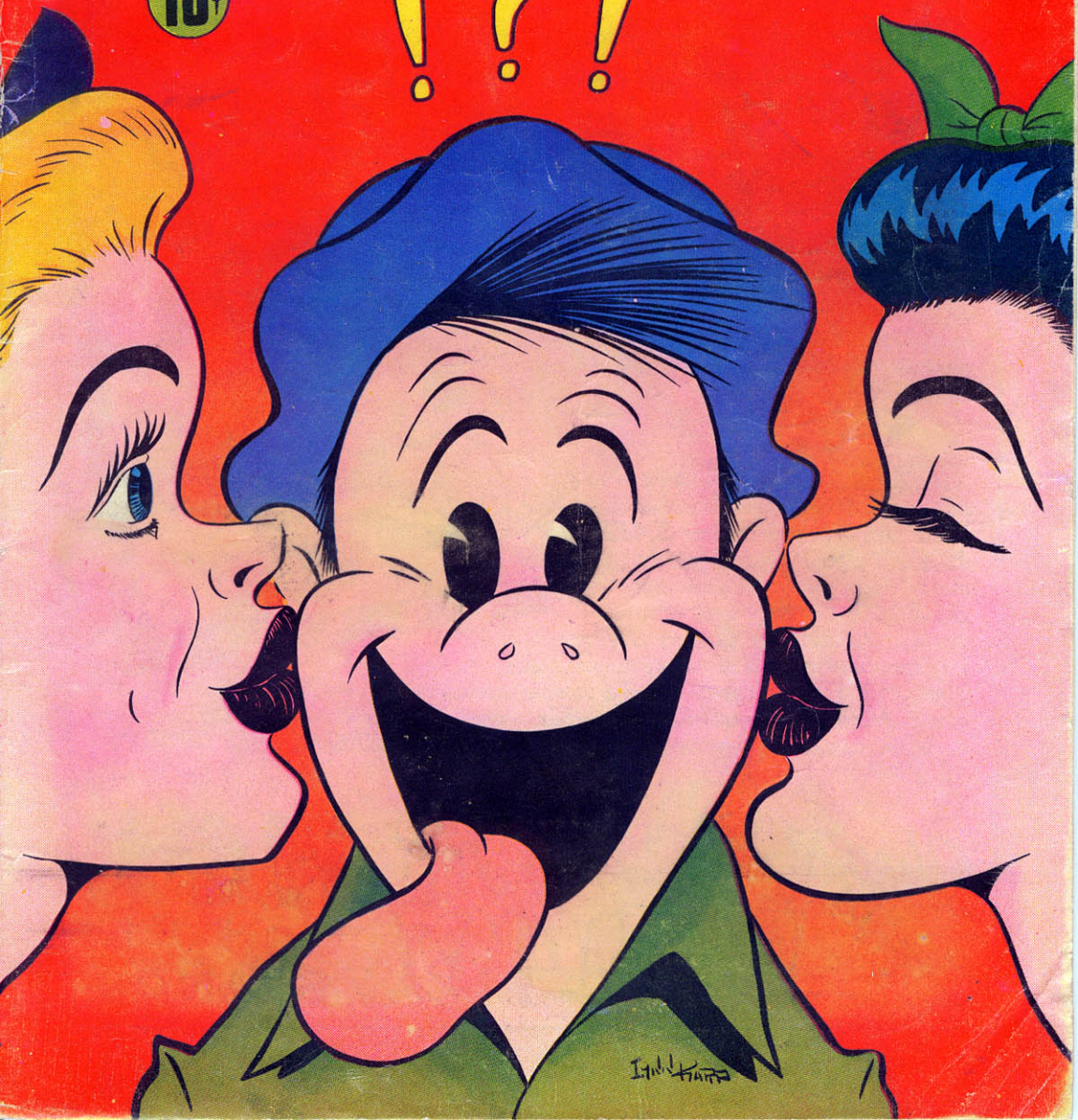
No 38  
NOV.

*The*

# KILROYS

10¢

! ? !







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



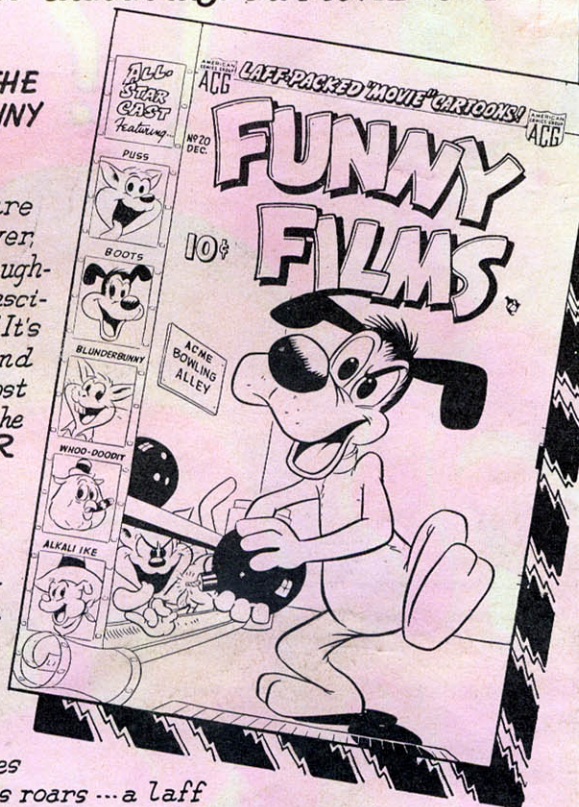
# Announcing SOMETHING NEW.. SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

...A mirthful magazine that brings the MOVIES to YOU!

**9½ FUNNY FILMS** ...THE  
FIRST REAL NOVELTY IN FUNNY  
ANIMAL COMICS!

You've roared at moving picture cartoons--now, for the first time ever, see them brought to life in the laugh-packed pages of the funniest, most fascinating book in the history of comics! It's turned out by the very writers and artists who produce Hollywood's most hilarious hits! And now they bring the movies **RIGHT INTO YOUR HOME!**

**FUNNY FILMS** features characters such as you've laughed at on the screen... in rollicking **LAFF MOVIES** that'll stretch you in the aisles! From cover to cover, it's chockful of the very type of mad, gay antics that your theatre charges high prices for! Full of racy, riotous roars... a laff a second guaranteed... and a host of sensational surprises that you'll **NEVER** forget! So remember... you don't have to go to the movies anymore to see the best in cartoon comics... **WE'RE BRINGING THE MOVIES TO YOU!**



They're  
all in... **FUNNY  
FILMS**

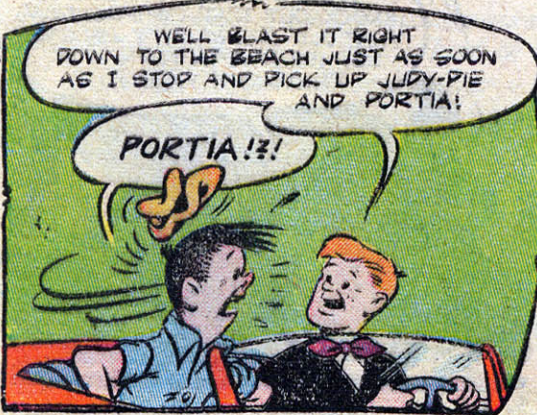
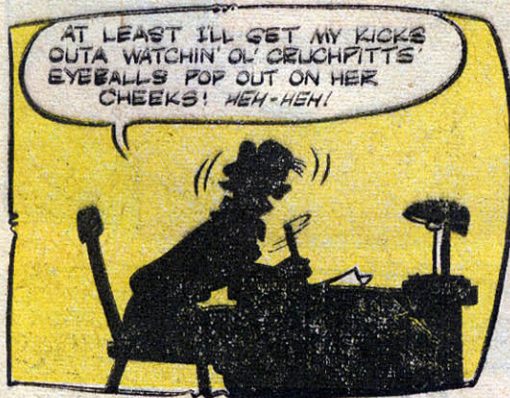
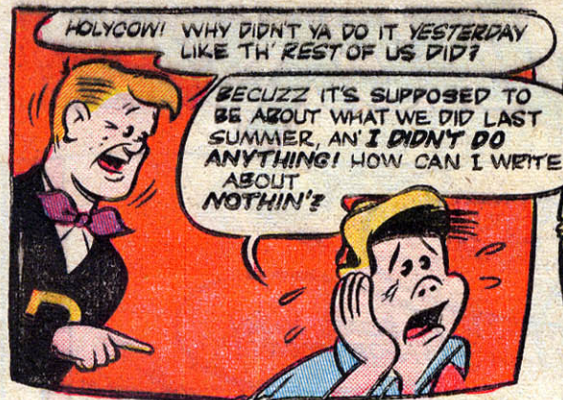
**10¢**  
ON ALL  
STANDS



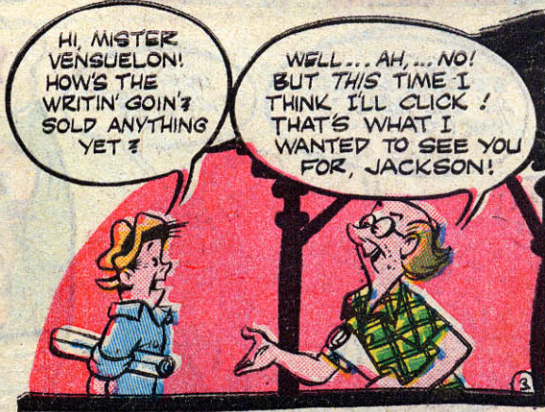
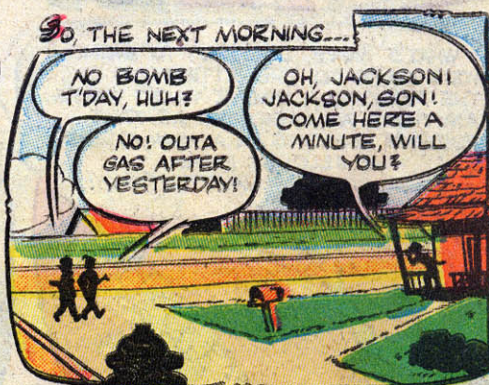
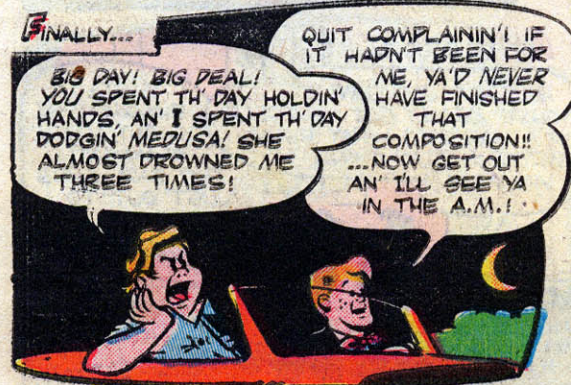
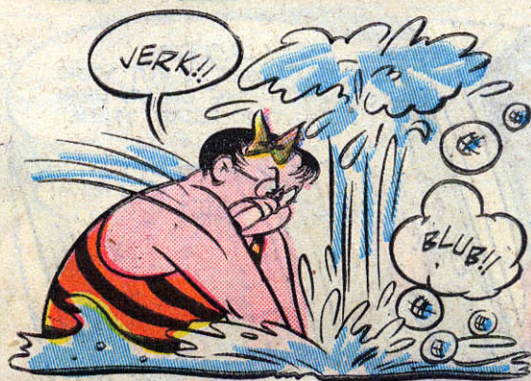
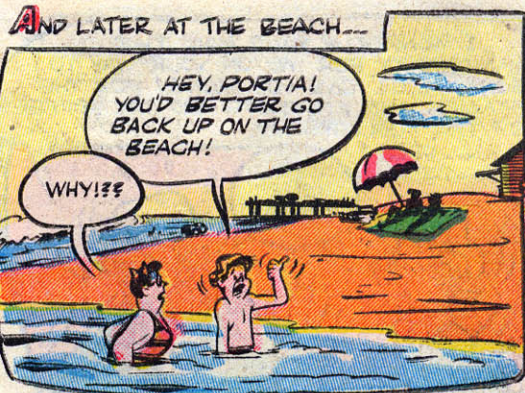
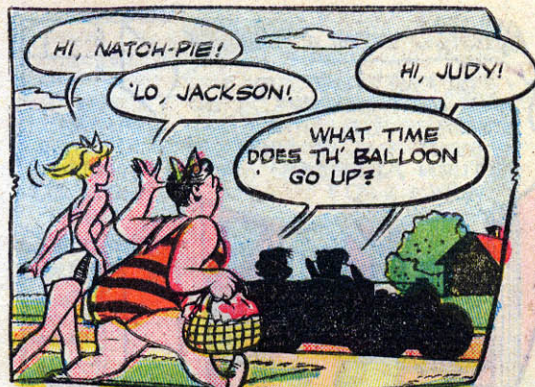
# Solid JACKSON













I WONDER IF YOU'D MAIL THIS MANUSCRIPT FOR ME ON YOUR WAY TO SCHOOL... I'LL GIVE YOU MONEY FOR THE STAMPS AND ENVELOPE AND THE ADDRESS OF THE PUBLISHER  
--- OKAY?

OKAY,  
BUT  
HURRY!

MINUTES LATER...

OH, FINE! THAT JERK GAVE ME THE ADDRESS OF ADVENTURE PUBLICATIONS, BUT HE DIDN'T GIVE ME HIS OWN RETURN ADDRESS! NOW WODDA I DO?

WELL,  
PUT YOUR  
OWN ON  
IT AND  
LET'S GET  
GOIN'!!

NATCH! JACKSON!  
DON'T FORGET TO PUT YOUR  
COMPOSITIONS ON MY DESK...  
I WANT TO READ THEM  
IMMEDIATELY!

YES'M!

GOOD GRIEF! ANDREW JACKSON, JR., THIS IS THE MOST MORONIC PIECE OF TRASH IT'S EVER BEEN MY MISFORTUNE TO READ! IT'S SO BAD, I REFUSE TO KEEP IT! COME UP HERE AND GET IT IMMEDIATELY!!

Y-YES, MA'M!

WHAT'S MORE, I INTEND TO BRING YOUR CASE TO THE ATTENTION OF THE PRINCIPAL! ANYONE WHO'D WRITE ANYTHING AS IMBECILIC AS THAT DOESN'T BELONG IN A HIGH SCHOOL, HE BELONGS IN AN INSTITUTION!!!

AFTER SCHOOL...

HOLY HEP JACKSON! YOU'VE REALLY GOT YOURSELF IN A HASSLE! WHAT DIDJA WRITE IN THAT THING ANYWAY?

JUSTA BUNCHA JUNK... BUT, NATCH, IT WASN'T THAT BAD! SHE'S JUST OUT TO GET ME!!

LISTEN,  
SIDDOWN A SEC,  
AN' I'LL READ YA  
PART OF IT!

OKAY...  
THIS I GOTTA  
HEAR!

YEEE!! NATCH! LOOK!!  
THIS ISN'T MY COMPOSITION!!  
IT'S THAT WRITER JERKS STORY!

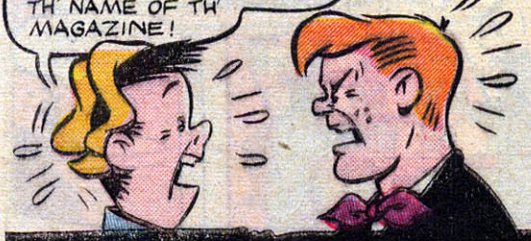
HOLY JUMPIN' CATFISH!  
YOU MUSTA MAILED YOUR  
COMPOSITION  
TO THAT  
MAGAZINE!!

SCHOOL  
ZONE



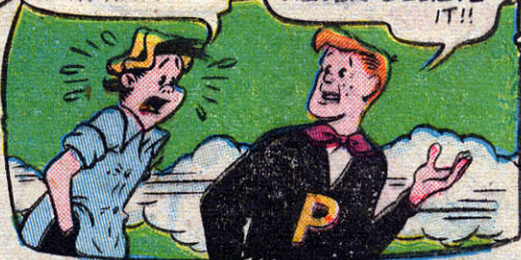
HOW CAN ONE GUY BE SO HAIR-BRAINED? YOU BETTER MAIL THAT THING **RIGHT NOW**. OR YOU'RE GONNA BE IN A MESS WITH THAT POOR-MAN'S POE, TOO!!

**MAIL IT! I CAN'T!**... I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER TH' NAME OF TH' MAGAZINE!



NATCH, WHAT AM I GONNA DO? MAYBE IF I EXPLAINED TO OLD CRUNCHPITT, I'D GET OUTTA PART OF THIS HAIRY MESS, ANYWAY!

YOU KIDDIN'? SHE'D NEVER BELIEVE IT!!



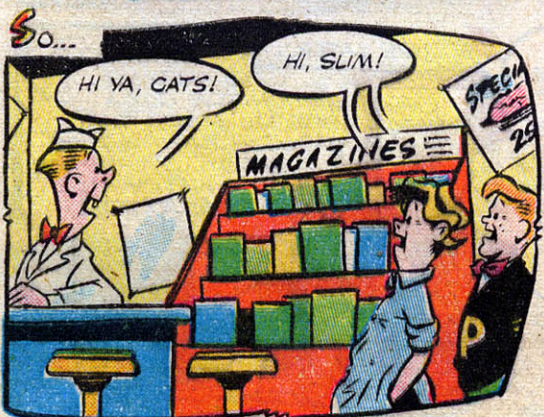
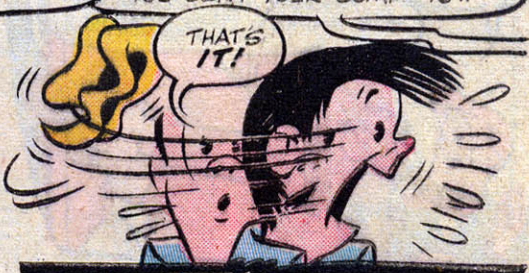
THEN HOW ABOUT TELLIN' THAT LONG-HAIRED SQUARE WHAT HAPPENED?

TELL HIM A COMPOSITION OF YOURS WENT TO A PUBLISHER AS A STORY OF **HIS!!!** MAN, HE'D **STRANGLE YOU!!**

HEY!! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S GO DOWN TO SLIM'S AND GO THROUGH TH' MAGS ON HIS STAND! MAYBE YOU'LL RECOGNIZE THE ONE YOU SENT YOUR "COMP" TO!!

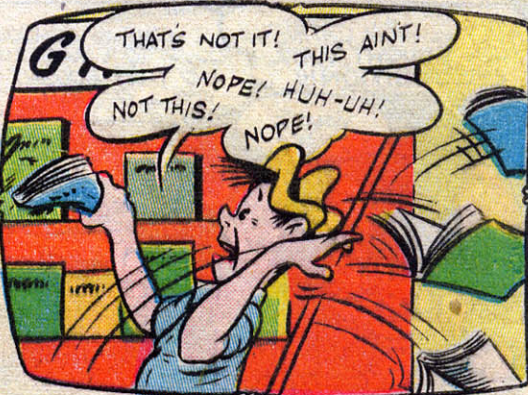


THAT'S IT!



HI YA, CATS!

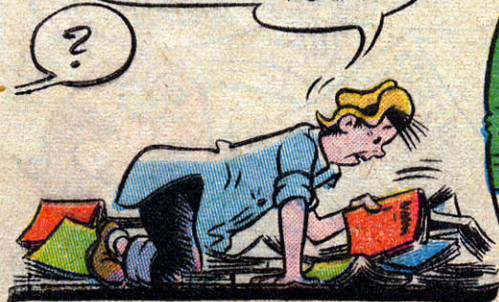
HI, SLIM!



THAT'S NOT IT! THIS AINT!  
NOPE! HUH-UH!  
NOT THIS! NOPE!

NATCH, CLEAN OUT THE REST OF TH' STAND WHILE I GO OVER THESE AGAIN!

I'LL GIVE YOU JUST TWO MINUTES TO GET THOSE MAGAZINES BACK ON THAT STAND, YOU PINHEAD!!!



HOLY-COW! I'M NOT HURTIN' 'EM, I'M JUST LOOKIN' AT 'EM!!



THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT, YOU BUBBLEHEAD!! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, SOME PEOPLE PAY TO 'LOOK AT 'EM!' ...YOU'RE GONNA TOO IF YOU DON'T PUT 'EM BACK

**RIGHT NOW!!!**

OKAY!  
OKAY!

THERE! YA HAPPY NOW, YA MONEY-GRUBBIN' PINEAPPLE CRUSHER?

ANY MORE SMART CRACKS AND I'LL SHOW YA IM NOT ONLY A PINEAPPLE CRUSHER, BUT A **BONE-CRUSHER**, TOO!!

LET'S GO, JACKSON!

**N**EXT MORNING...

MORNIN', MIZZ JACKSON! IS JACKSON READY FOR SCHOOL?

YES NATCH, HE'S....?

PARDON ME! TELEGRAM FOR ANDREW JACKSON, JR.!!

A TELEGRAM!?! FOR YOU? WHO'S SENDING YOU A TELEGRAM?

GOLLY, I DUNNO, MOM. I ...**YEAH! THIS!!**

"YOUR ADVENTURE STORY GREAT STOP #300 CHECK FOLLOWING STOP GIVE US MORE OF SAME"...SIGNED, ACME PUBLISHERS!!

**HOLY JUMPIN' CATFISH!! THEY BOUGHT YOUR COMPOSITION!!!**

WHAT'S THAT?

I SENT MY SCHOOL COMP TO A MAGAZINE, AND THEY BOUGHT IT FOR A STORY!

GOOD GRAVY! I'VE GOT TO TELL THE POINTFALLS GAZETTE ABOUT THIS!

**3** SECONDS LATER...

MANAGING EDITOR

MAC! HOLD THE MORNING EDITION!! I'VE GOT A SPECIAL STORY! THAT JACKSON BOY SOLD HIS SCHOOL COMPOSITION TO A NATIONAL MAGAZINE!

**A**ND SO, WHEN THE POINTFALLS GAZETTE ARRIVES AT HOMES ALL OVER TOWN...

**WHAT'S THIS??**

"LOCAL BOY SELLS STORY TO NATIONAL MAGAZINE! ANDREW JACKSON, JR. SELLS SCHOOL COMPOSITION TO ACME PUBL...?!!

**I'VE BEEN ROBBED!!**

THAT TEEN-AGE THIEF CLAIMED MY MANUSCRIPT AS **HIS!!**





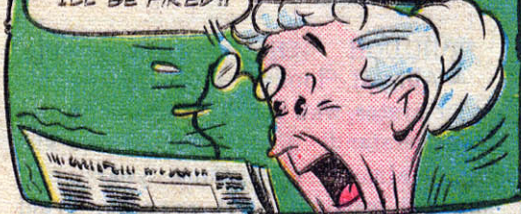
-15 YEARS OF STRIVING FOR LITERARY RECOGNITION, AND THEN THAT KID CLAIMS MY ONLY SALE! SO HELP ME, I'LL MURDER HIM! I'LL...I'LL HAVE HIM STUFFED FOR MY MANTLE!!

GRRRRR!!



AND SOMEONE ELSE HAS RECEIVED THE MORNING PAPER...

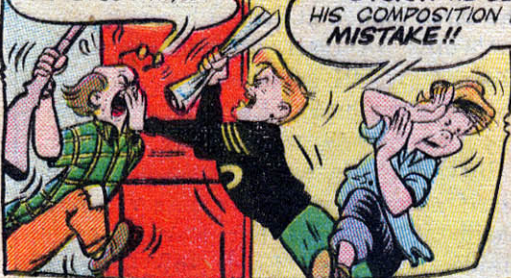
OH-OH-OH-OH DEAR!!  
... AND I TOLD HIM IT WAS TRASH!! IF THE PRINCIPAL HEARS ABOUT THIS, I'LL BE FIRED!!



...BACK AT JACKSONS...

WHERE IS HE?! LET ME AT HIM! HE STOLE MY STORY!! HE STOLE MY...

HE DID NOT!! HERE'S YOUR STORY! HE SENT HIS COMPOSITION BY MISTAKE!!

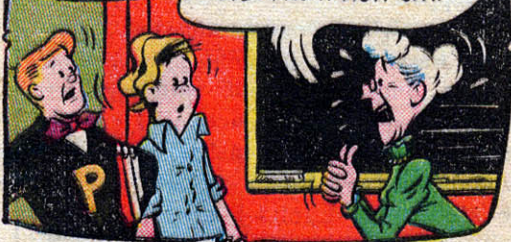


HE-HE SOLD A HIGH SCHOOL COMPOSITION... AND BY MISTAKE!...T-THAT DOES IT!! PAPA ALWAYS SAID I SHOULDVE BEEN A DITCH-DIGGER... AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GOING TO BE-- FROM NOW ON!!

YOU BOYS HAD BETTER GO ON TO SCHOOL!



JACKSON! JACKSON, MY BOY! WILL YOU EVER FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT I SAID ABOUT YOUR COMPOSITION? IF...IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO TELL THE PRINCIPAL, I'LL GIVE YOU STRAIGHT "A'S" FROM NOW ON!!

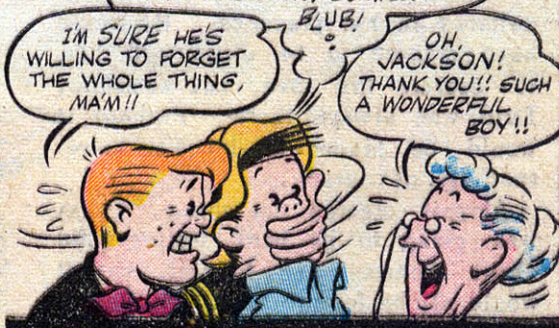


HOLY COW, MISS CRUNCHPITT! THAT WASN'T MY COMP...

I'M SURE HE'S WILLING TO FORGET THE WHOLE THING, MA'AM!!

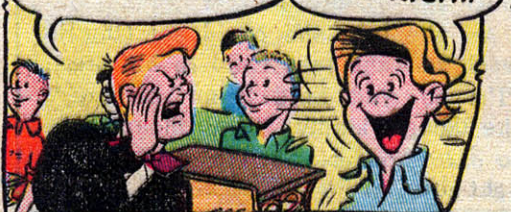
BLUB!

OH, JACKSON! THANK YOU!! SUCH A WONDERFUL BOY!!



YA BIRD-BRAIN! YOU ALMOST OPENED YOUR FAT YAP AGAIN! YOU'D BE IN ANOTHER MESS IF SHE FOUND OUT THAT WASN'T YOUR STORY SHE READ! ...NOW GET THIS!! FROM NOW ON, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WRITE COMPOSITIONS AND GET RICH!!

YEAH...YEAH! SURE! RICH!!



SO, SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

IT'S NO USE, NATCH! IT WAS A FLUKE! I'VE WRITTEN 150 COMPOSITIONS, AN' THEY'RE ALL EVEN WORSE THAN THAT JERK WRITERS STUFF! I'M SUNK!!

SUNK?

YA CRAZY OR SOMETHIN'? AFTER

ALL, YA DID MAKE 300 BUCKS, AND CRUNCHPITT'LL GIVE YOU AN 'A' FOR THE REST OF YOUR SCHOOL DAYS!



The End



# That FASCINATING

# OLDER MAN

**T**HOUGH SHE SAID nothing, Abigail looked pityingly at her older sister, who was just too brainless to understand! Poor Enid! There she was, almost twenty-one years old, and not married! Not *engaged*, even! What must it be like to be an old maid, Abigail wondered, feeling sorry for her sister.

And there she was, primping at the mirror, just as though it would do her any good. Charles was coming over that evening, that was why! Poor Enid! Didn't she know that Charles came to see *her*, Abigail? Didn't she know that Charles was smitten by Abigail's beauty and charm.

He was a much older man, of course, probably as old as twenty-four or five, Abigail thought. That's what gives him that fascination! And he had no idea that she saw and knew how he suffered in her presence. He would have wanted to be alone with her, to declare his love, but somehow, Enid was always there! Perhaps it would be kinder to let her know tactfully, of course...

Abigail cleared her throat. This was going to be hard, telling Enid about Charles and herself, but it would all be for the best. It was her *duty* to tell Enid. "Mmmm...Enid," she began on a tentative note, hoping that she would find the right words as she went along, "I'd like to..."

"There's Charlie!" Enid's voice was full of lilt and anticipation as she ran to open the door. Abigail followed her, shuddering a bit at Enid's lack of pride.

Charles, Abigail noted, was especially handsome that evening. He had a happy twinkle, an extra-special air of excitement. She noted, too, how

his face seemed to fall a trifle when he saw them both at the door.

"Poor Enid!" she thought again. "Won't she *ever* take a hint?"

In the living room, Charles sat down on the sofa, so Enid did, too. "She's so *obvious*!" Abigail silently criticized her sister. Abigail took the little wing chair facing them. There was a long moment of silence as the three looked at each other.

"Well!" Abigail drew her conclusions fast. "I suppose it's up to *me* to say something! Enid doesn't have *any* idea of how to entertain a man!"

Brightly, she began a rapid chatter about school, about the latest movie she'd seen, about her favorite television shows. Enid and Charles seemed to have very little to say.

Suddenly, Charles looked at Enid and raised an eyebrow, as though asking a question. "Please, Charlie..." Enid began, but he wouldn't be stopped.

"Abigail," he said, and his voice was warm and friendly, "you're a darling and the cutest teen-ager for miles around! But, much as I admire you and look forward to having you as a sister-in-law, I'd...well...I'd like to be alone with Enid for a while! *You* understand...an engaged couple..."

"Darling, don't feel badly," Enid said. "You see, Charlie and I..."

"It's *perfectly* all right!" Abigail rose, summoning all her dignity. "I hope you'll be very happy together! Besides, I have *millions* of things to do!"

As she left, she could see Charlie reach out and take Enid in his arms. "I'm so glad Enid found someone," she thought kindly, "even though he's so *old*! Wonder what the gang's doing right now..."

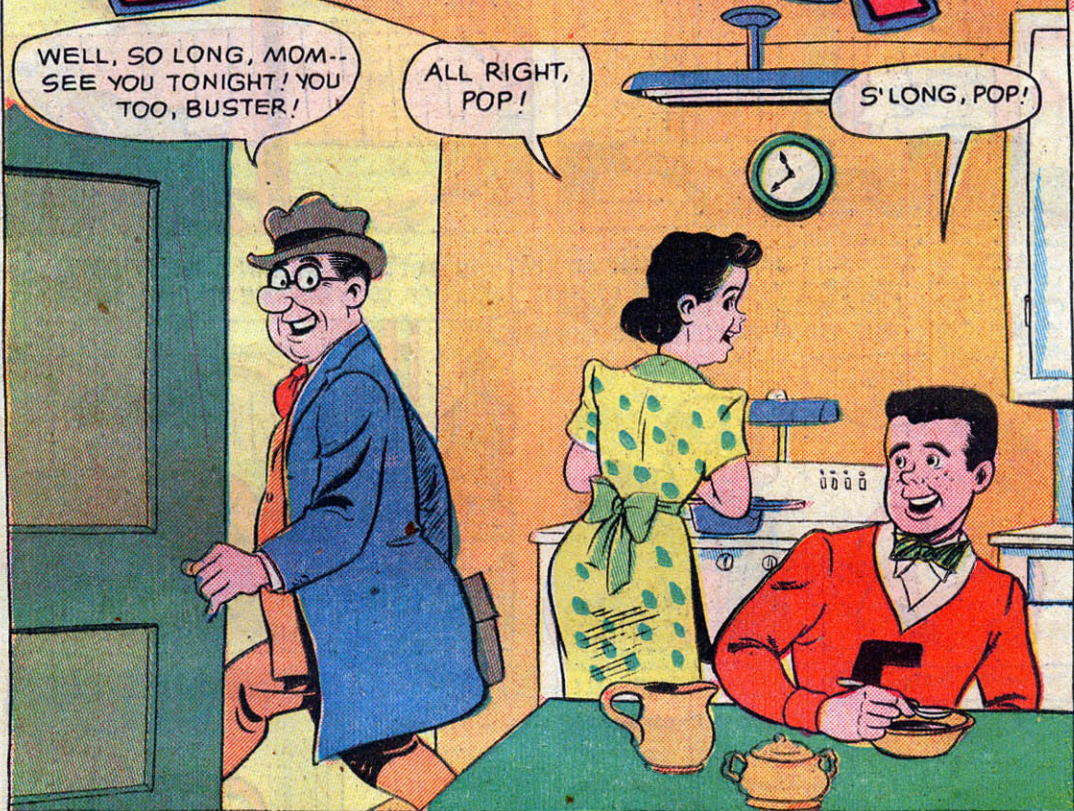


# BUSTER

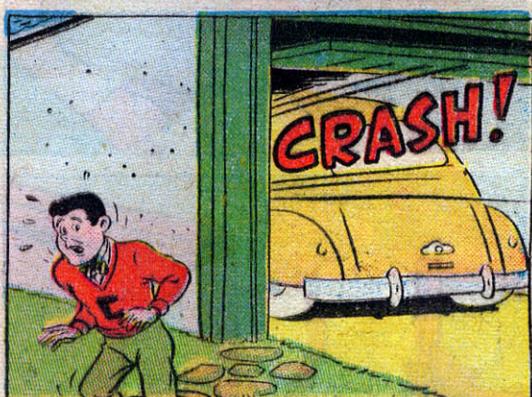
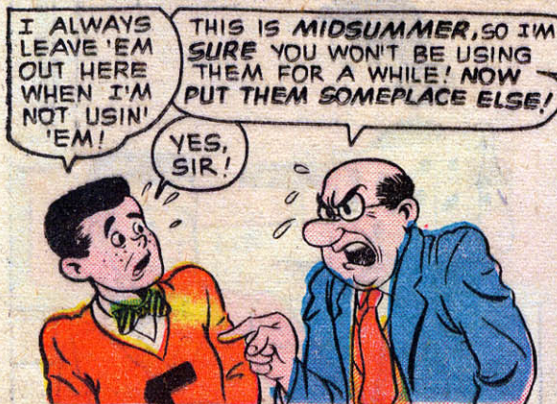
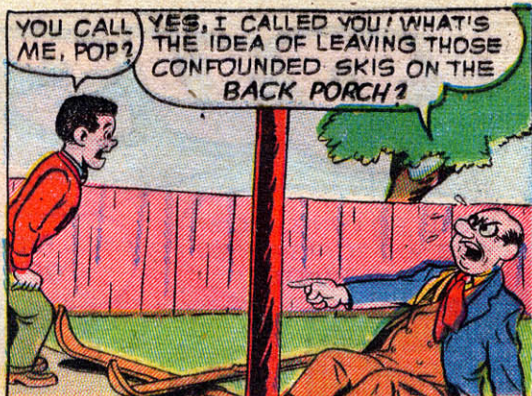
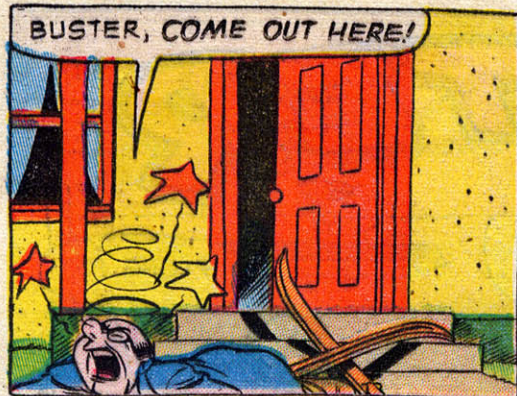
WELL, SO LONG, MOM--  
SEE YOU TONIGHT! YOU  
TOO, BUSTER!

ALL RIGHT,  
POP!

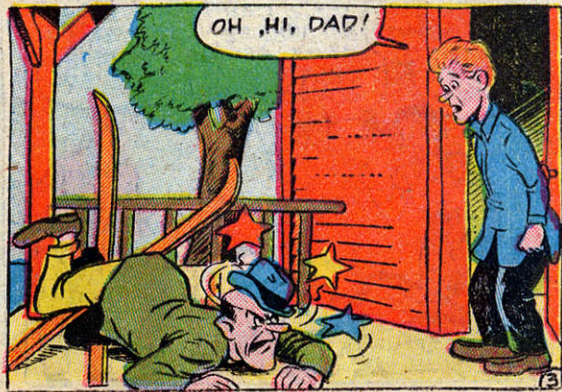
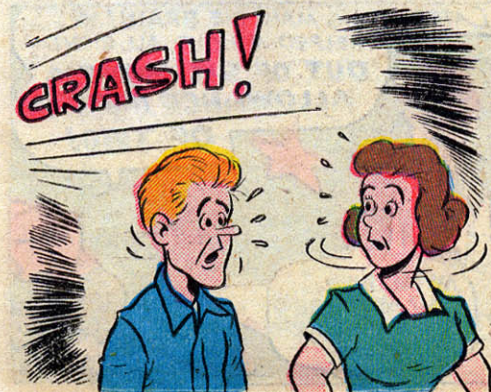
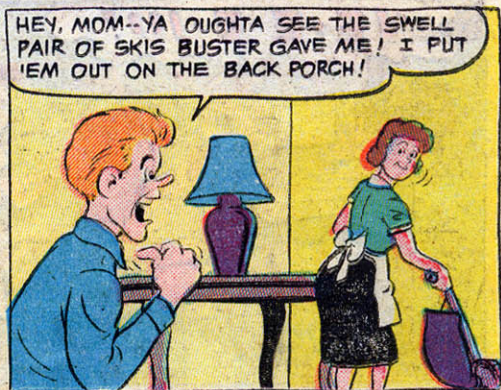
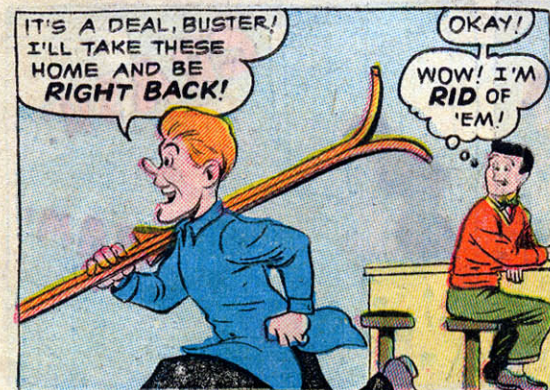
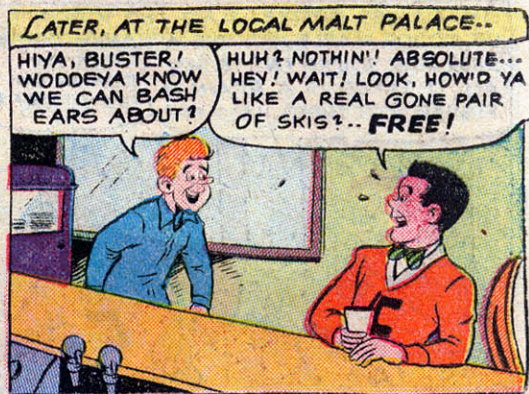
S' LONG, POP!



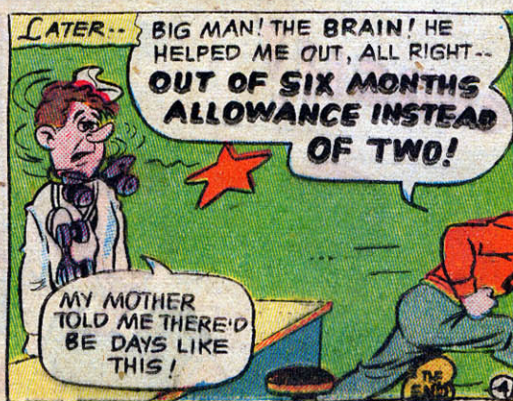
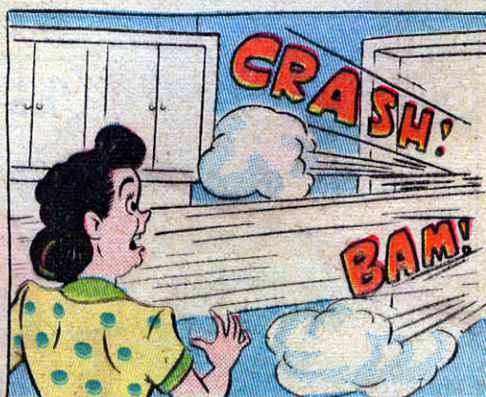
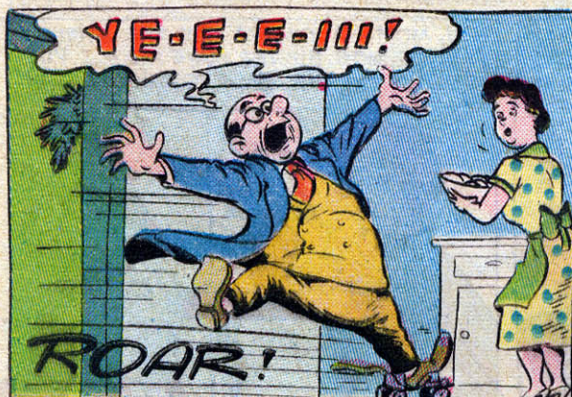
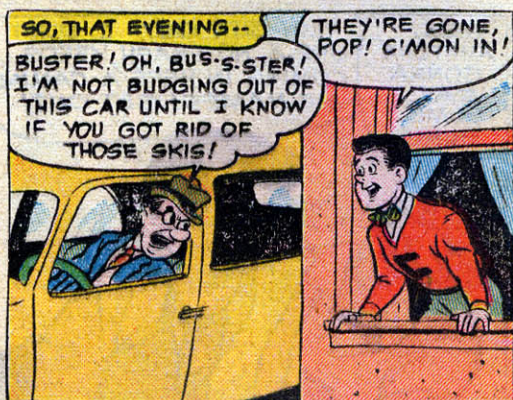
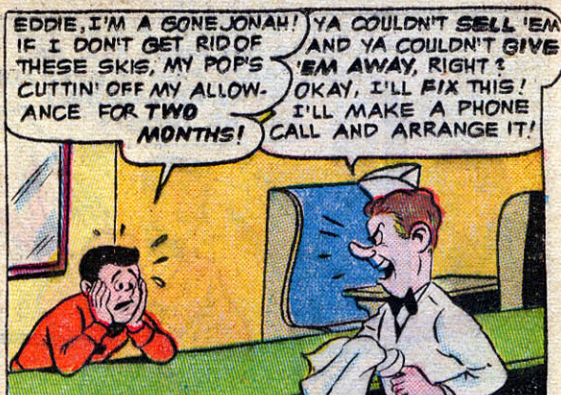
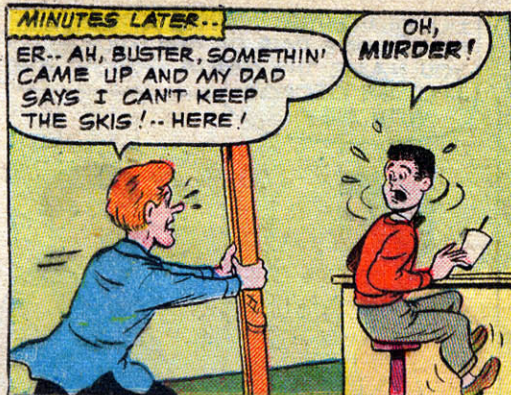




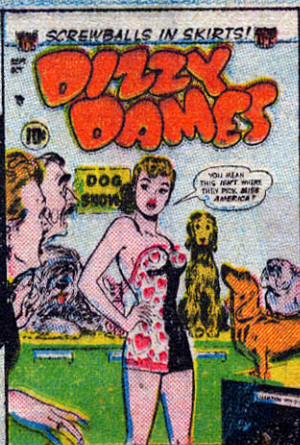












# EXTRA!

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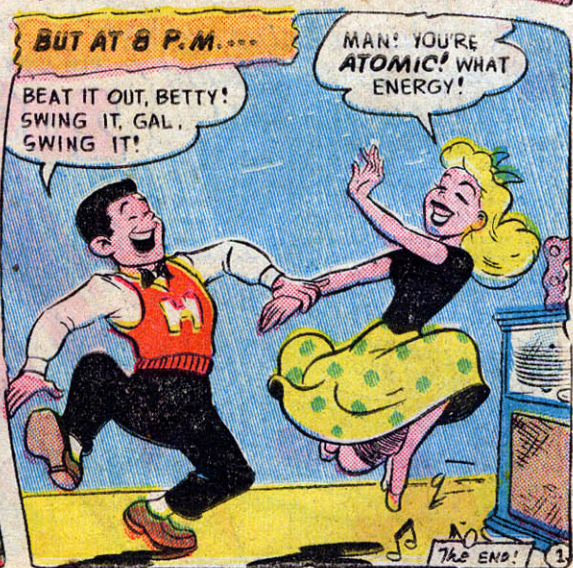
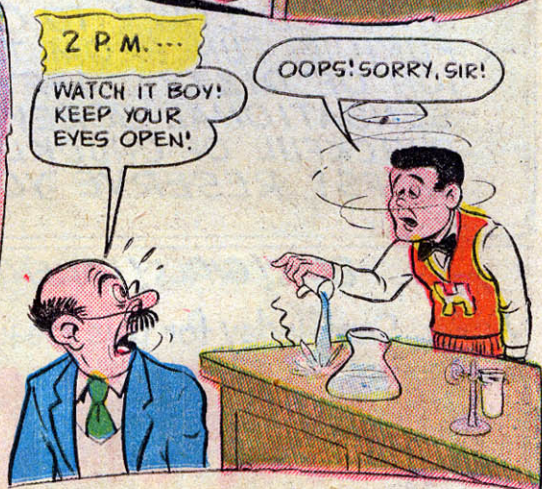
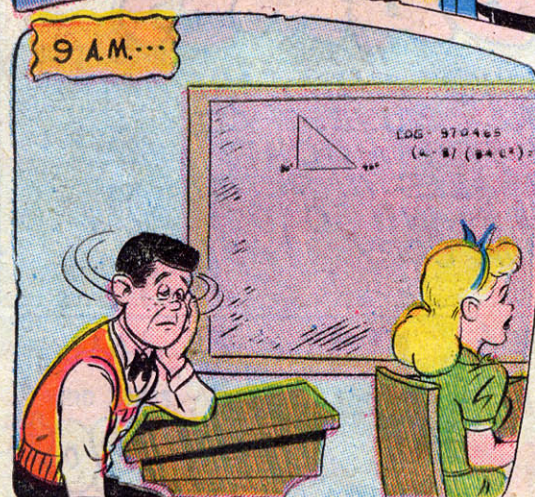
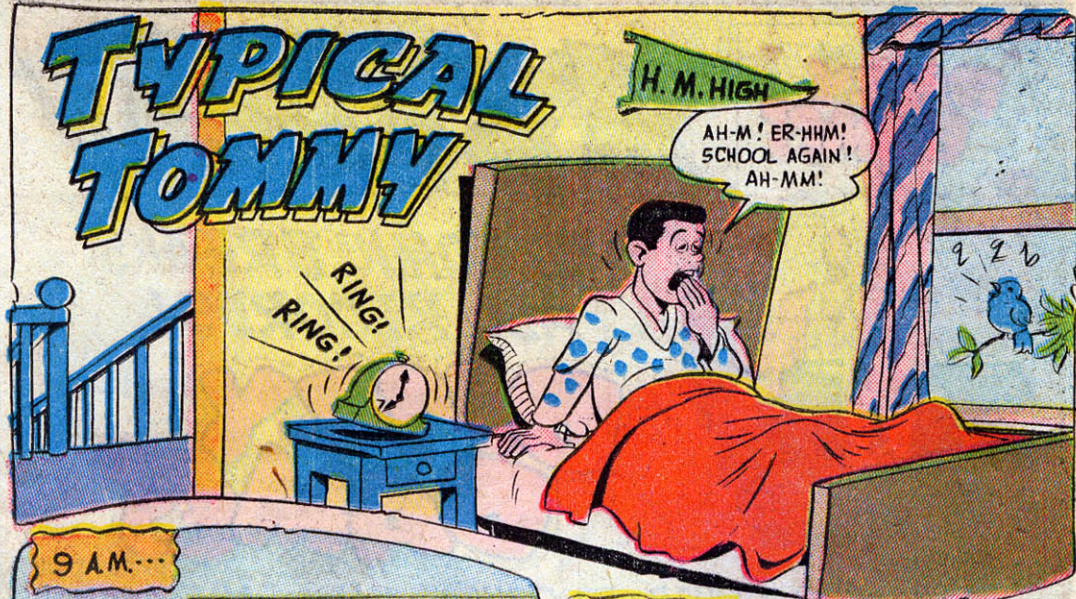
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# TYPICAL TOMMY

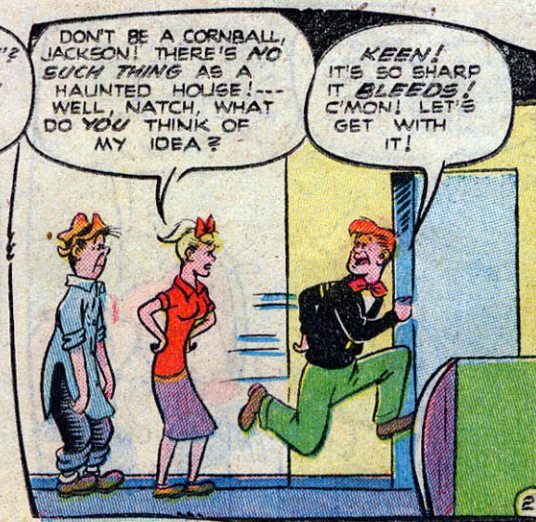
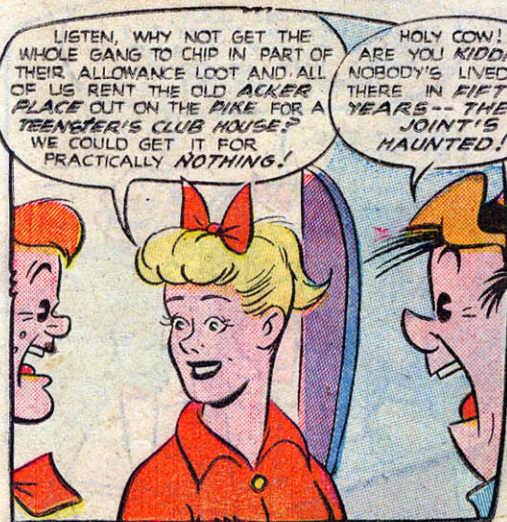
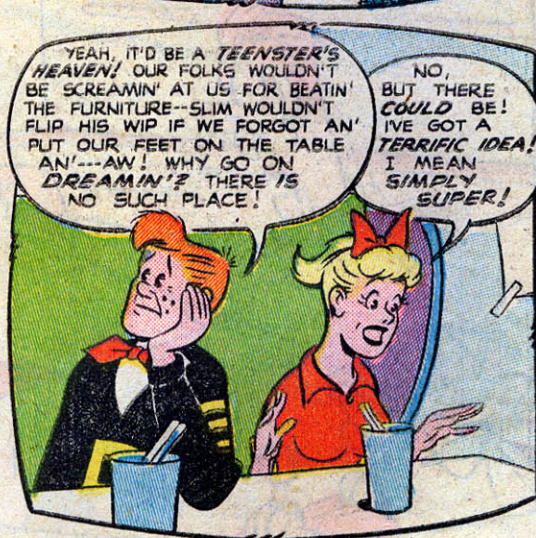
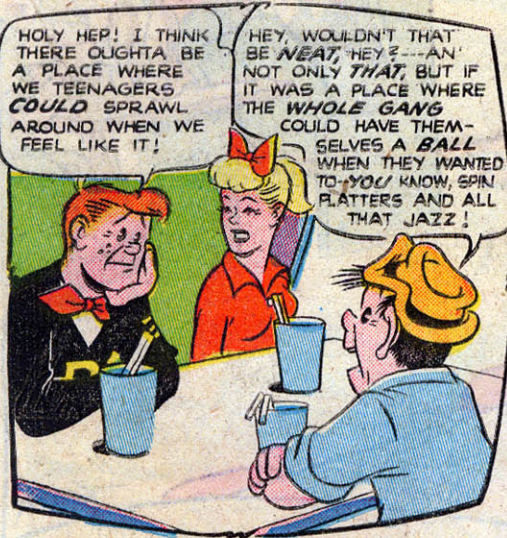
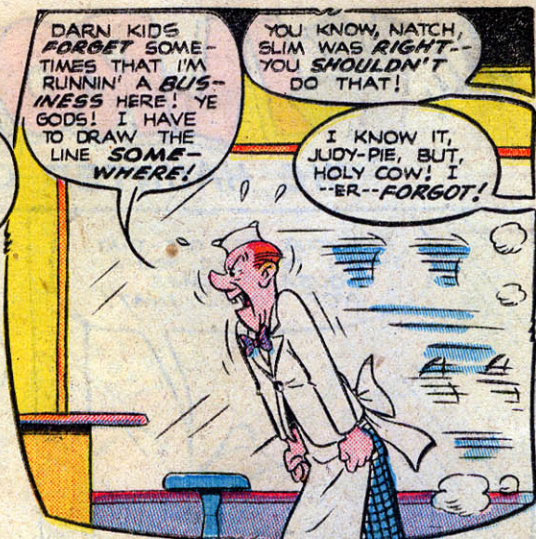
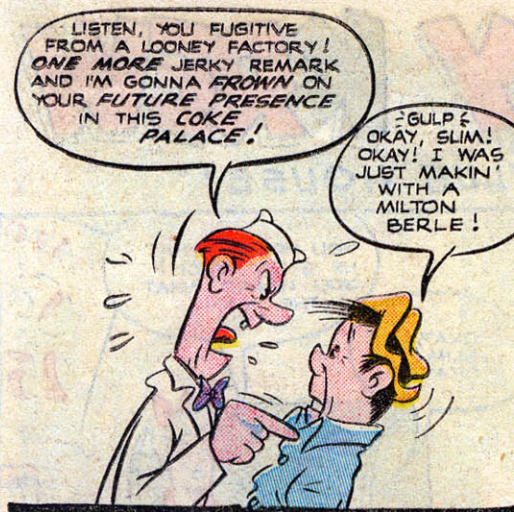




**"THE HAUNTED CLUB HOUSE!"**

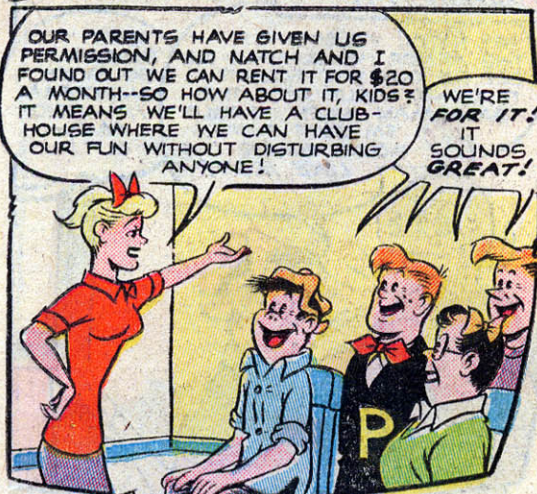






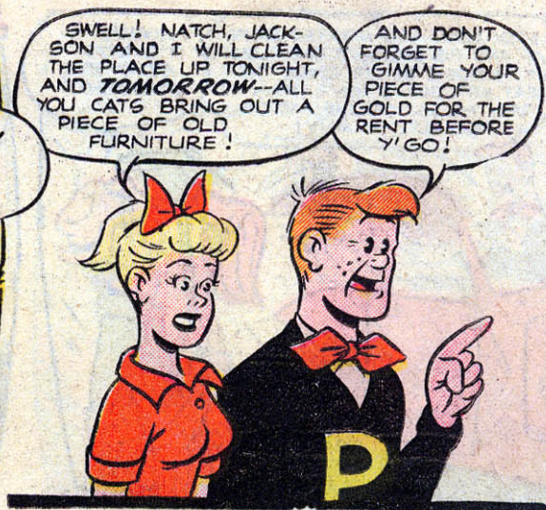


SO THAT AFTERNOON AT JUDY'S HOUSE...



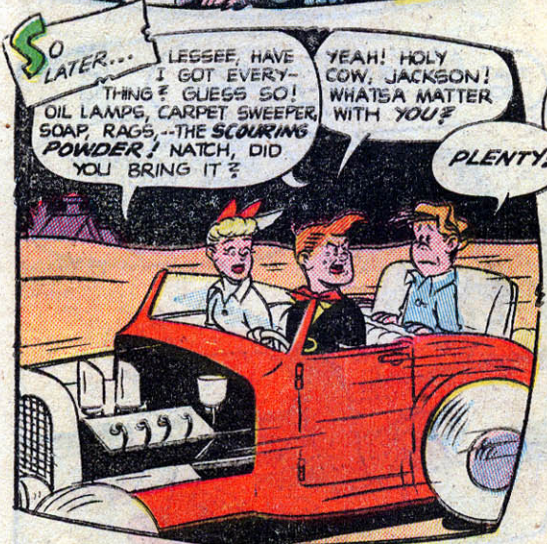
OUR PARENTS HAVE GIVEN US PERMISSION, AND NATCH AND I FOUND OUT WE CAN RENT IT FOR \$20 A MONTH--SO HOW ABOUT IT, KIDS? IT MEANS WE'LL HAVE A CLUB-HOUSE WHERE WE CAN HAVE OUR FUN WITHOUT DISTURBING ANYONE!

WE'RE FOR IT! IT SOUNDS GREAT!



SWELL! NATCH, JACKSON AND I WILL CLEAN THE PLACE UP TONIGHT, AND **TOMORROW**--ALL YOU CATS BRING OUT A PIECE OF OLD FURNITURE!

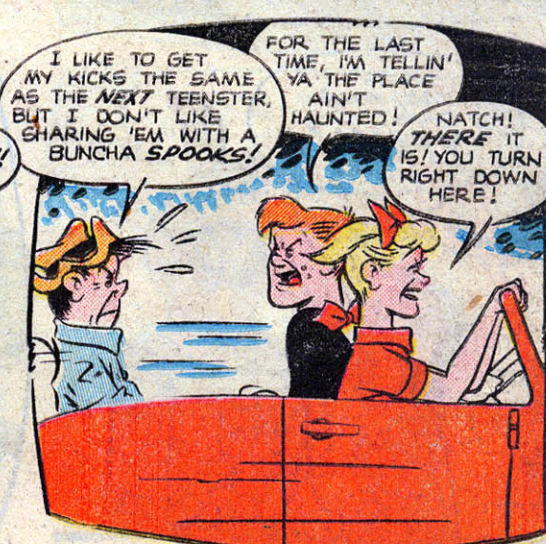
AND DON'T FORGET TO GIMME YOUR PIECE OF GOLD FOR THE RENT BEFORE Y'GO!



SO LATER... LESSEE, HAVE I GOT EVERYTHING? GUESS SO! OIL LAMPS, CARPET SWEEPER, SOAP, RAGS,--THE **SCOURING POWDER**! NATCH, DID YOU BRING IT?

YEAH! HOLY COW, JACKSON! WHATSA MATTER WITH YOU?

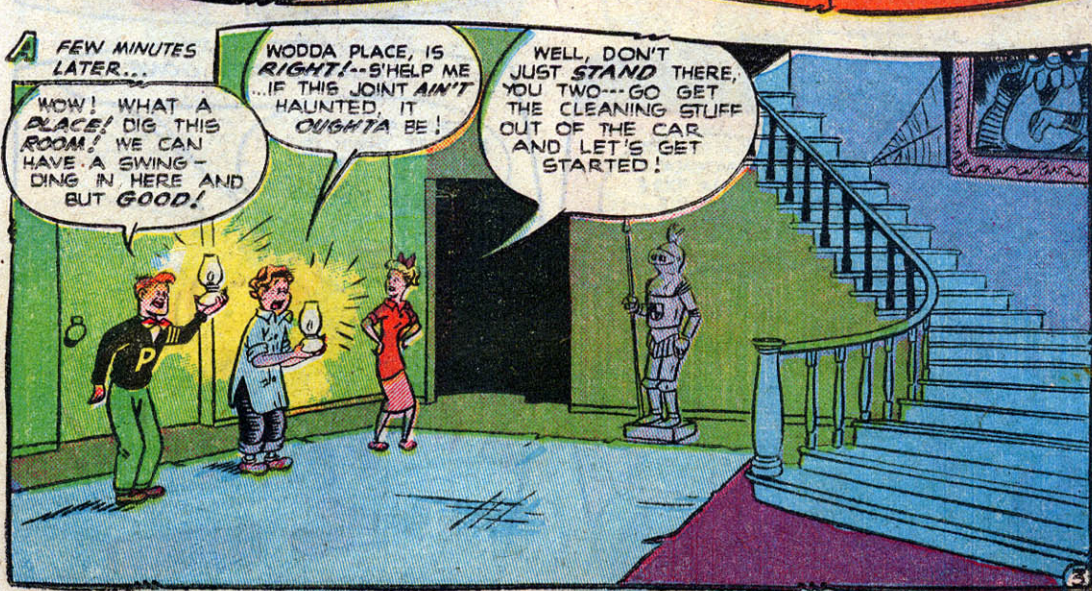
PLENTY!



I LIKE TO GET MY KICKS THE SAME AS THE **NEXT** TEENSTER, BUT I DON'T LIKE SHARING 'EM WITH A BUNCHA SPOOKS!

FOR THE LAST TIME, I'M TELLIN' YA THE PLACE AIN'T HAUNTED!

NATCH! **THERE** IT IS! YOU TURN RIGHT DOWN HERE!



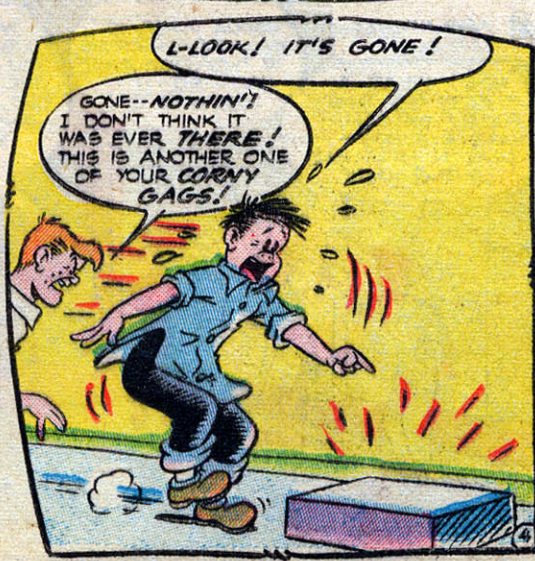
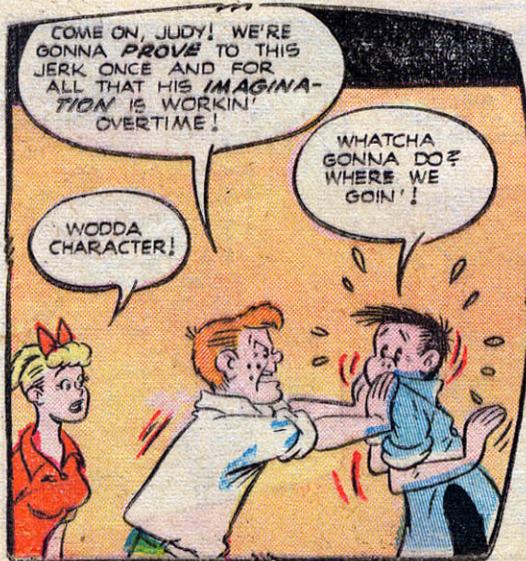
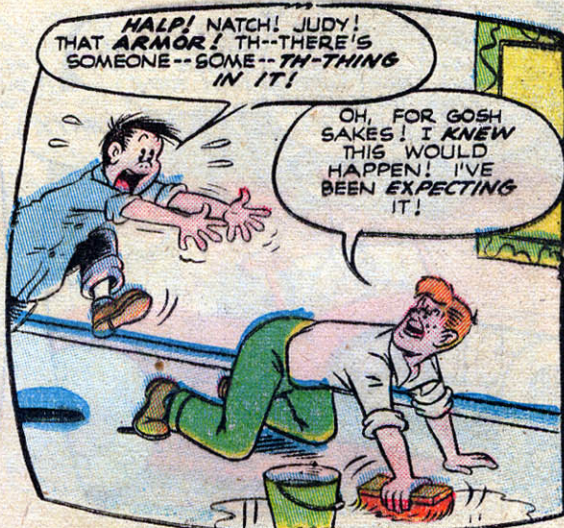
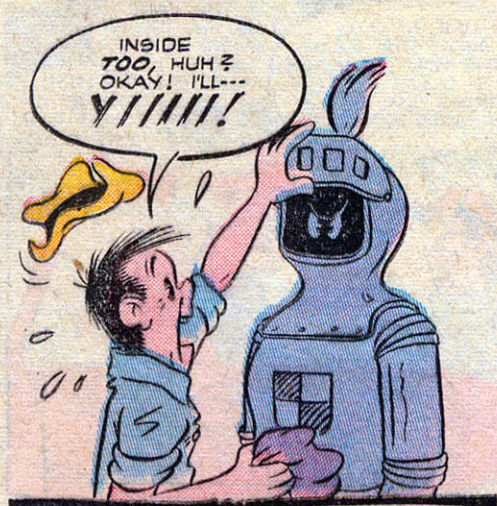
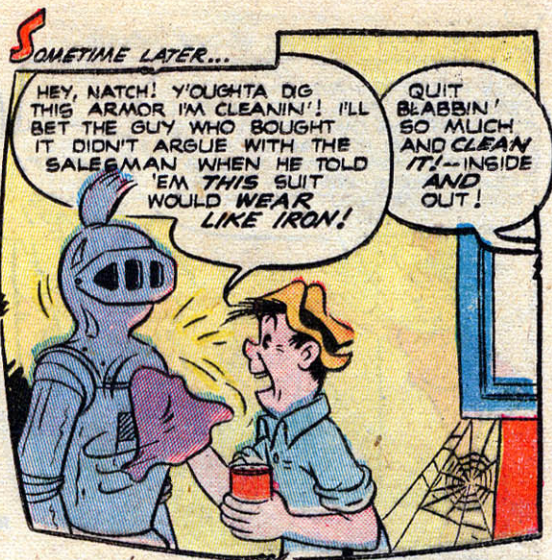
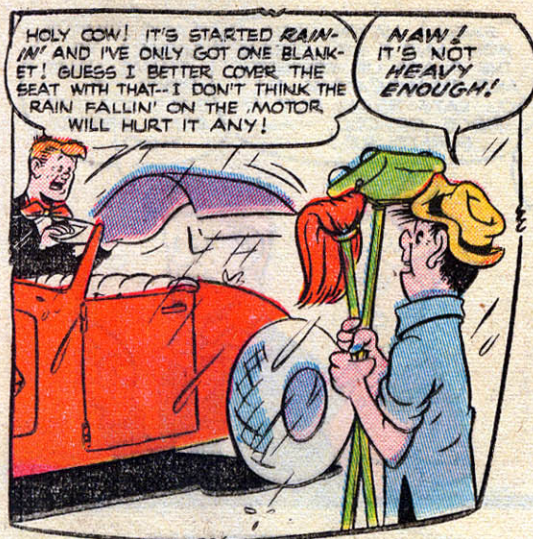
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WODDA PLACE, IS **RIGHT**--S'HELP ME...IF THIS JOINT AIN'T HAUNTED, IT OUGHTA BE!

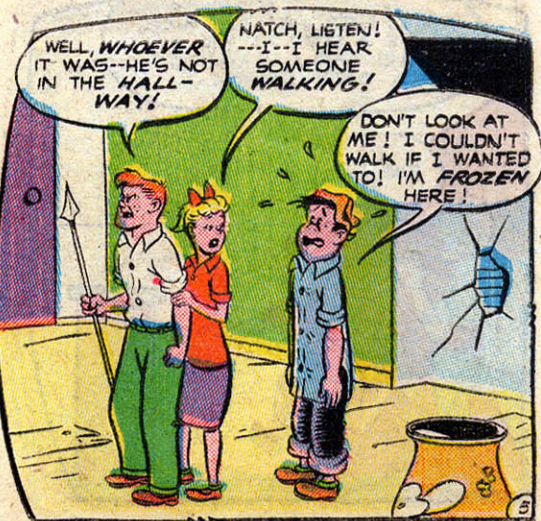
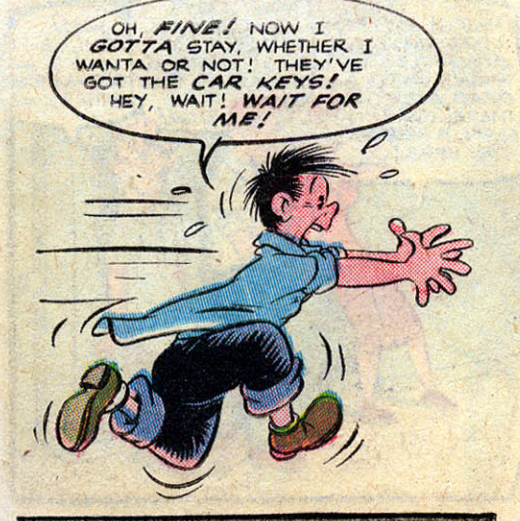
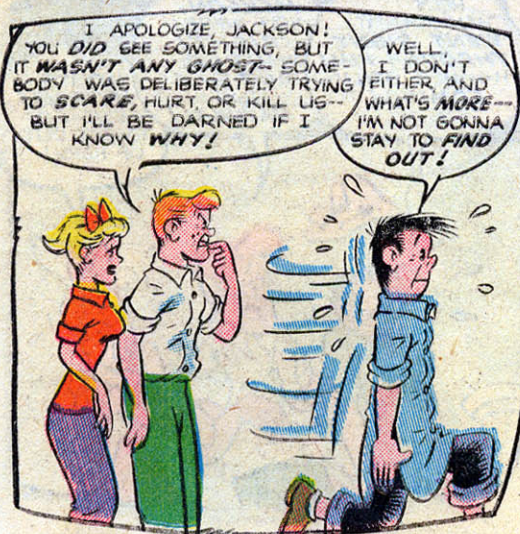
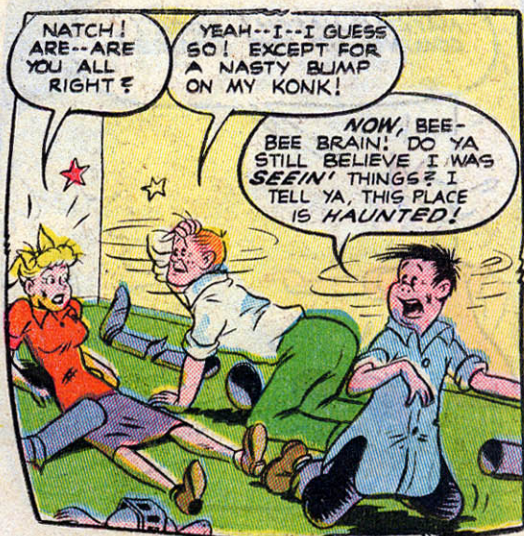
WELL, DON'T JUST **STAND** THERE; YOU TWO--GO GET THE CLEANING STUFF OUT OF THE CAR AND LET'S GET STARTED!

WOW! WHAT A **PLACE**! DIG THIS ROOM! WE CAN HAVE A SWING-DING IN HERE AND BUT **GOOD**!

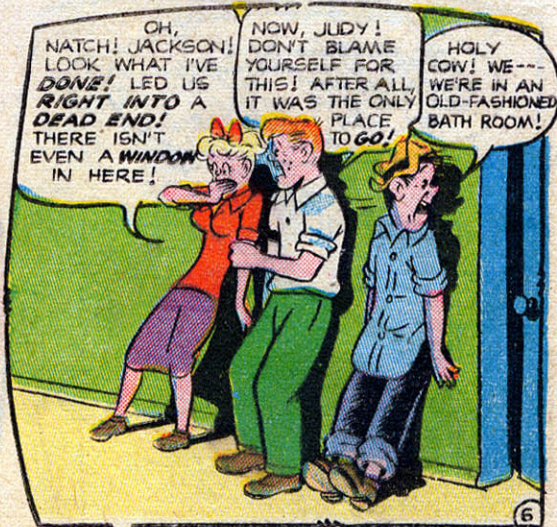
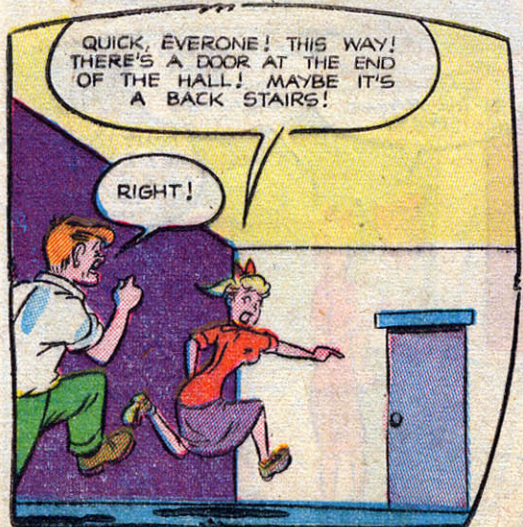
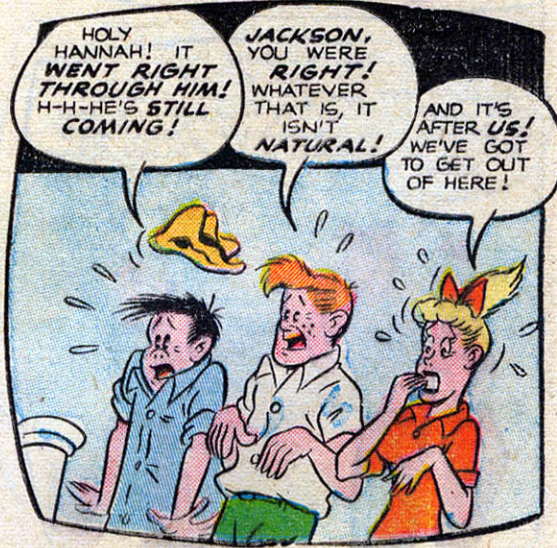
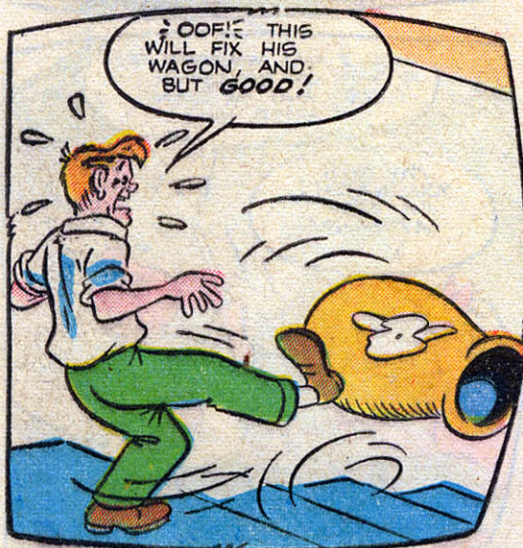
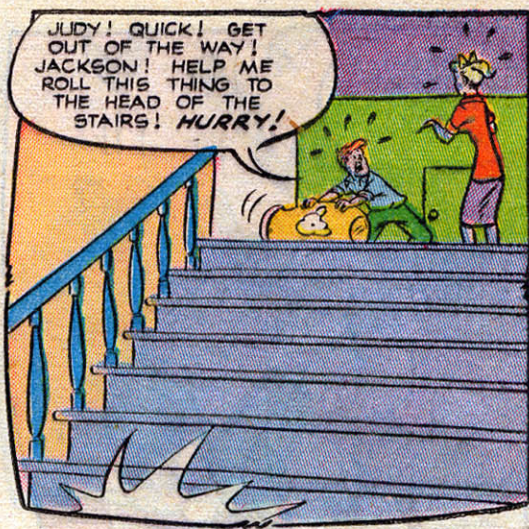
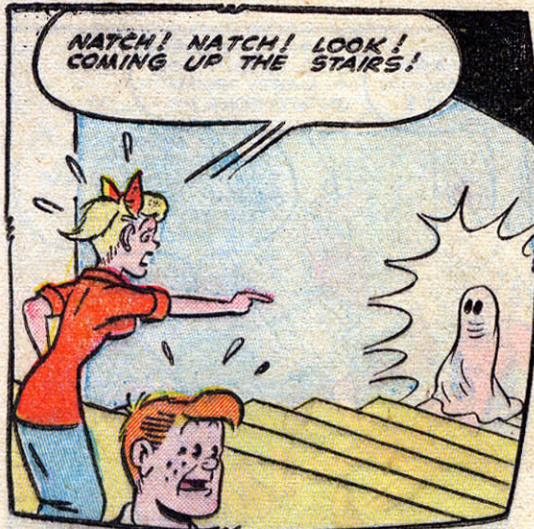














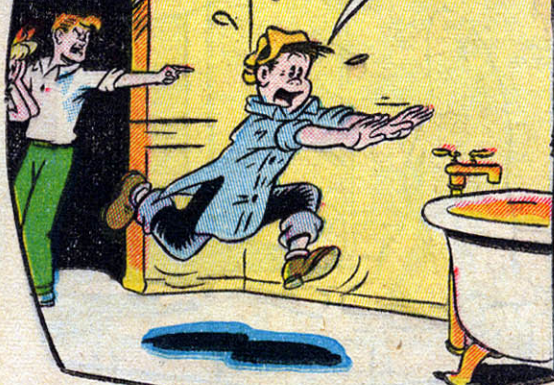
OH, NATCH! WE'RE  
FINISHED! THROUGH!  
AND IT'S ALL MY  
FAULT! SOB!  
THIS WHOLE IDEA  
WAS MINE!

HOLY HEP,  
JUDY! STOP IT!  
LISTEN, WE'RE  
NOT GOING DOWN  
WITHOUT A FIGHT--  
I'VE GOT AN  
IDEA!

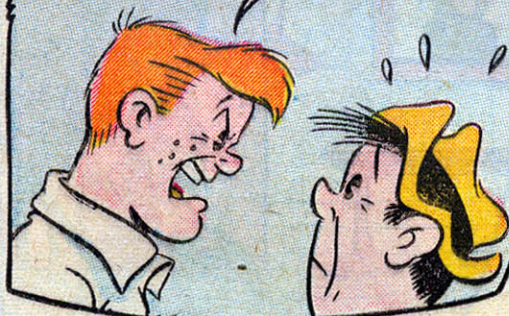


JACKSON, TURN  
THE WATER ON IN  
THAT OLD BATH-  
TUB!...  
HURRY!

OKAY, BUT IF  
Y'ASK ME, THIS  
IS A PRETTY  
BILLY TIME TO  
TAKE A  
BATH!

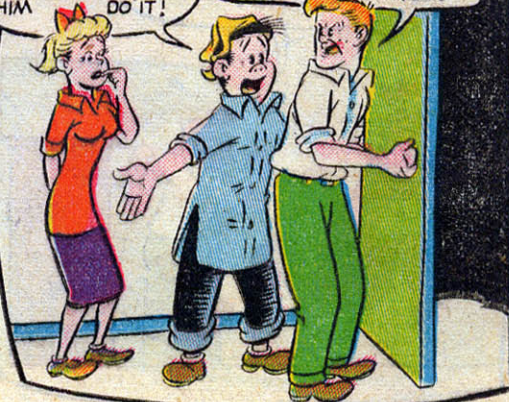


NOBODY'S GONNA TAKE A BATH,  
Y' FRACTURE HEAD! THIS IS PART OF  
MY PLAN! NOW, QUICK, EVERYBODY!  
GET READY TO HIDE BEHIND THE DOOR,  
CUZZ I'M GONNA OPEN IT AND  
MAKE IT AS EASY AS POSSIBLE  
FOR THAT SPECTRE TO WALK  
IN HERE!



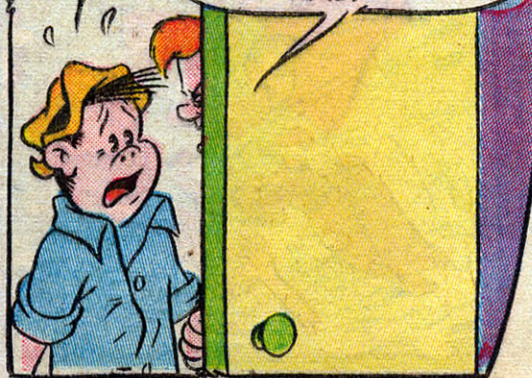
HOLY COW! WHY,  
HE'S A GHOST!  
HE CAN WALK  
RIGHT THROUGH  
THINGS! WE SAW  
HIM DO IT!

I KNOW, BUT HE USED  
TO BE HUMAN AND I THINK HE'LL  
ENTER THE EASY WAY IF HE CAN!  
WHAT'S MORE, I BELIEVE THAT  
EVEN A GHOST CAN BE  
TAKEN BY SURPRISE!



WHAT'CHA  
MEAN?

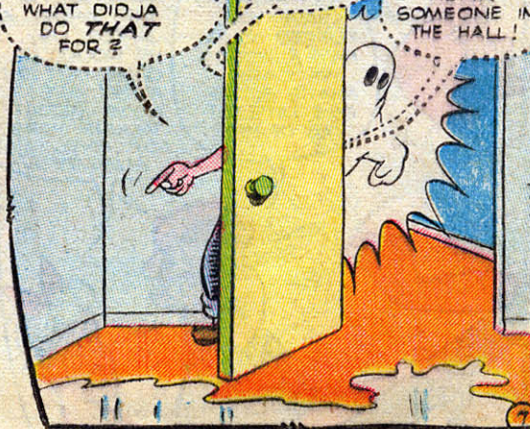
WHEN HE WALKS IN,  
WE'RE GONNA DASH OUT  
BEHIND HIM, SLAM THE DOOR  
AND LOCK IT! I THINK THE  
ELEMENT OF SURPRISE WILL  
GIVE US A HEADSTART IN  
TRYIN' TO GET OUT OF  
HERE!



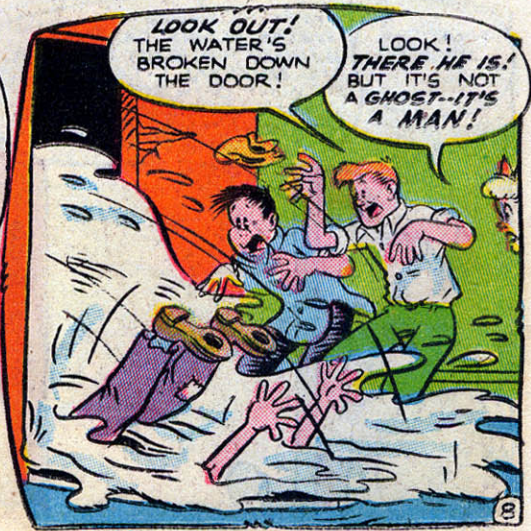
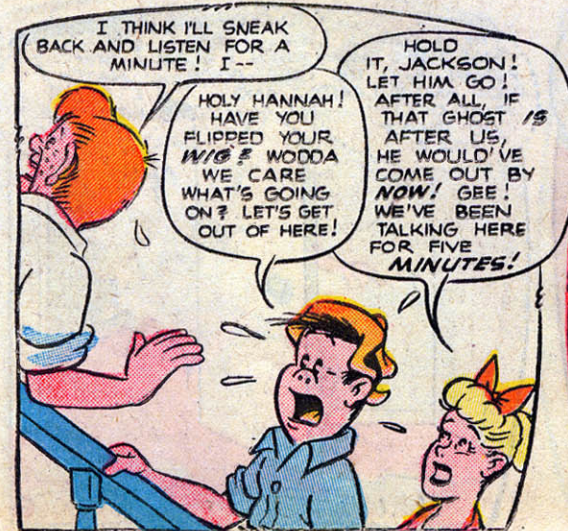
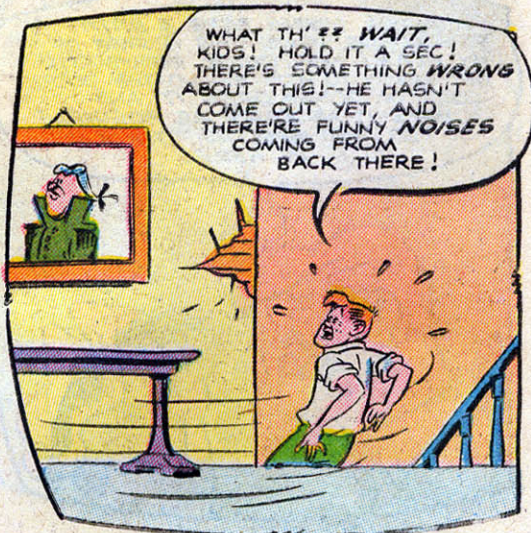
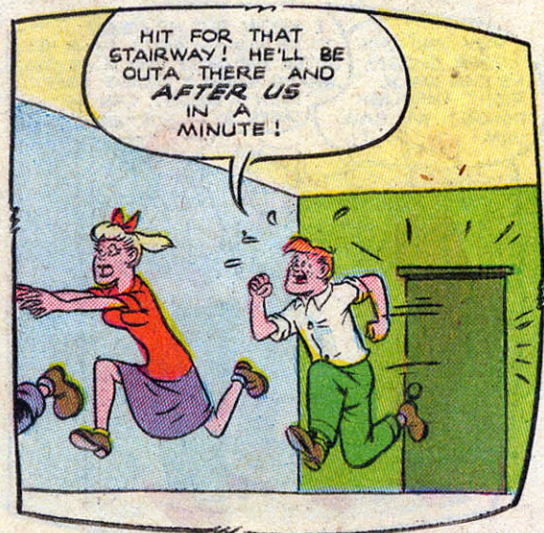
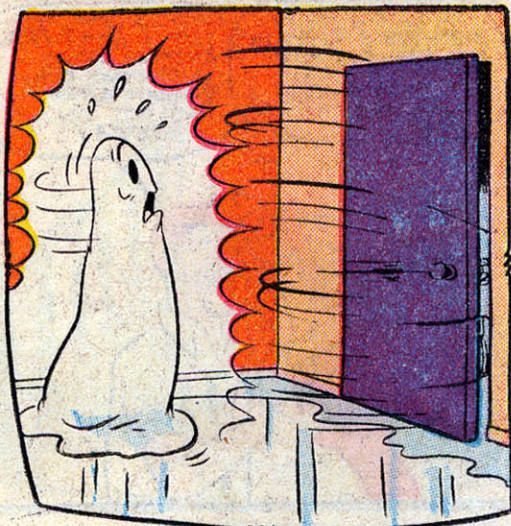
HEY! LOOK!  
THAT TUB'S OVER-  
FLOWIN' INTO THE  
ROOM AND BUT FAST!  
WHAT DIDJA  
DO THAT  
FOR?

TO CONFUSE  
HIM, Y' JERK!  
WHEN I SLAM  
THE DOOR  
AND--

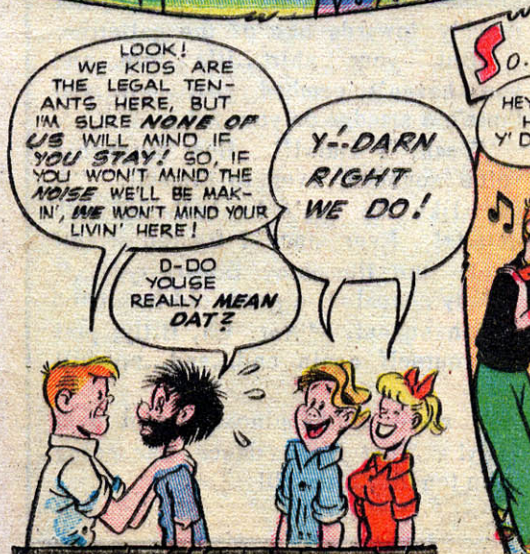
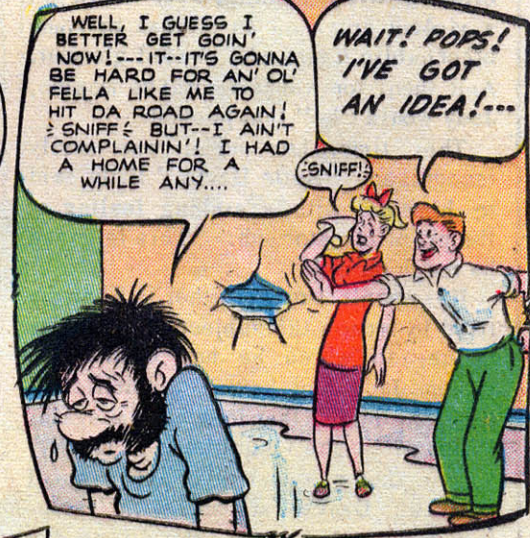
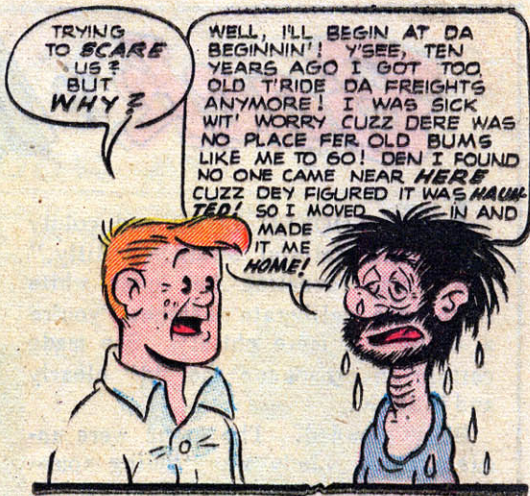
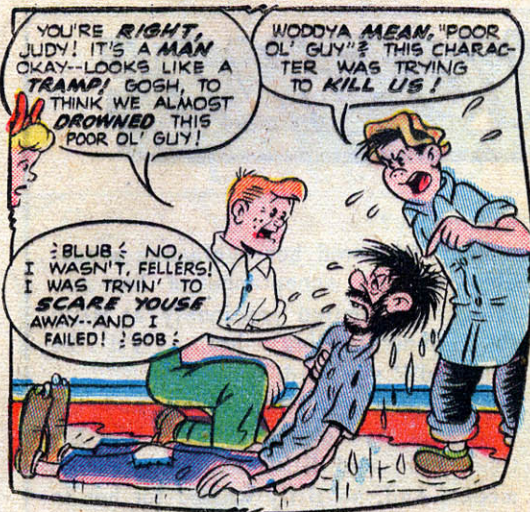
SHH!  
NATCH!  
I HEAR  
SOMEONE IN  
THE HALL!













# Back To NORMAL

JUDY LOOKED LONG and coldly at her faithful swain. "Billy," she said, revealing her even white teeth in a deliberate fashion, "you're a child! A mere child!" She made certain to pronounce the "d" clearly and bitingly.

Billy groaned. The signs were unmistakable. Judy was "being someone" again. Every so often, far too often for Billy's liking, Judy would get a violent crush on an actress or some other public figure who exuded glamour. And then, for weeks or maybe months, Judy would "be" that person!

This time, her model was easily recognized. "Bette Davis," Billy said to himself, with a sinking feeling at the pit of his stomach. "This is gonna be rough on me!"

He wasn't wrong, either. When he tried to broach the subject of the Delta dance, to which he had counted on taking Judy and having a terrific ol' time, she turned that look on him again. "Dance?" she inquired. "Really, Billy, that's sweetttt of you, but I can'tttt! Dances are so...so..." groping for another word, she lit on the same one again. "Childish!"

Oh, this was bad, Billy thought. The dance was only a week away, and if Judy were still being Bette Davis by that time, he'd never get to take her! There must be some way, something he could say or do...do...that was it!

For the first time, Billy realized how it felt to have an inspiration! "Judy," he said gravely, "I know exactly how you feel and I don't blame you at all! Sure, all that stuff's for kids! And you're a sophisticated woman of the world! So how's about takin' in...I mean...would you accompany me to the art exhibition at the Museum this

Wednesday?"

Judy flickered her eyelashes agreeably at this acceptance of her new role. She smiled graciously at Billy for understanding her. "I'd be chahmed!" she said.

The day was Wednesday and the hour was five o'clock. That was the time Judy and Billy had arranged to meet. And, as Billy waited for her to join him, he looked nervously up and down the museum corridors, hoping none of his friends would see him! Would he get away with it, that was the question! Or would Judy be angry and never talk to him again?

"Too late now," Billy thought, as he saw Judy walking towards him. "I've just got to take my chances!"

Judy was still being Bette Davis, no doubt of it! Her eyes were narrowed and her eyebrows raised as she approached Billy. "Isn't this a superb... Billy!" All traces of Bette Davis were gone as Judy screeched Billy's name. "What's the matter with you?"

"Ah, nothin'!" Billy managed to effect a deep, resonant growl as he grabbed Judy's elbow and pushed her roughly towards one of the galleries.

"But your shirt...it's torn...and you haven't combed your hair...and there's a smudge on your..."

"Yeah, I know!" How tough his voice sounded, even to himself. "A guy like me can't be bothered with details! Ever since I figured myself to be the Humphrey Bogart type..."

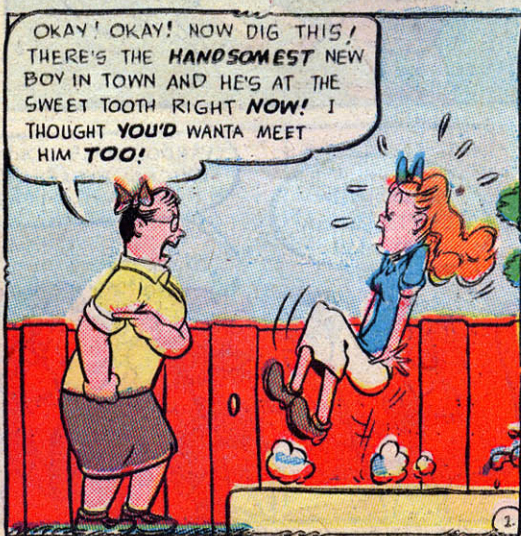
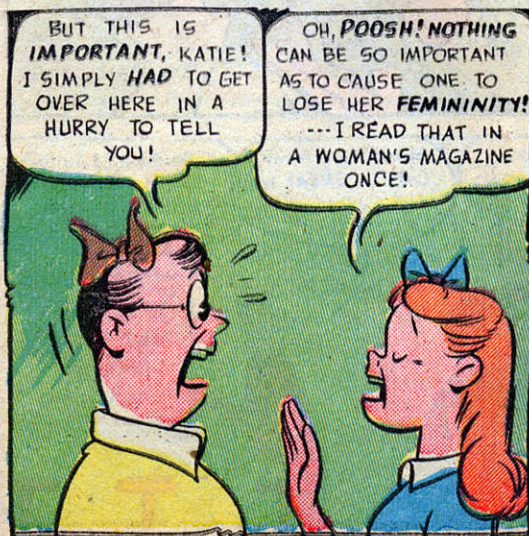
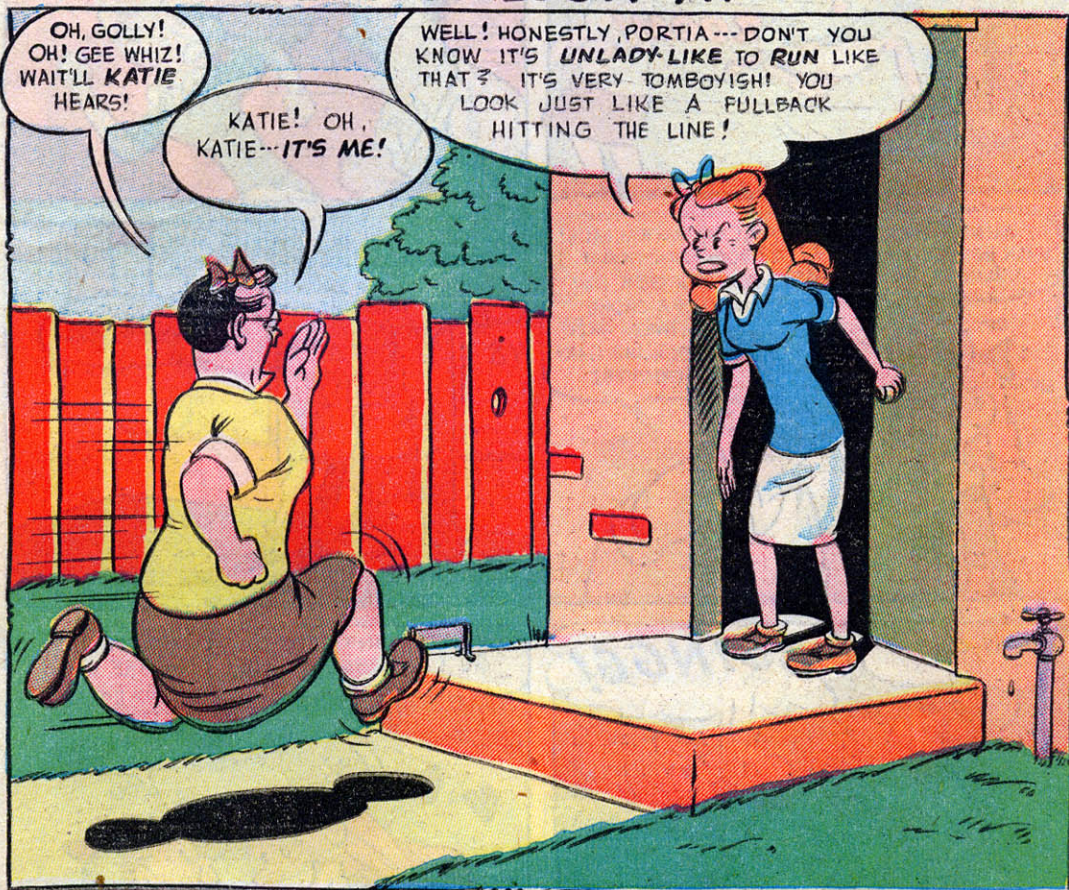
Judy squealed, a good, old-fashioned girlish squeal. "No! Oh, Billy, just be yourself again and...and...so will I!"

A wave of happiness swept over Billy! That Delta dance was going to be terrific, after all!

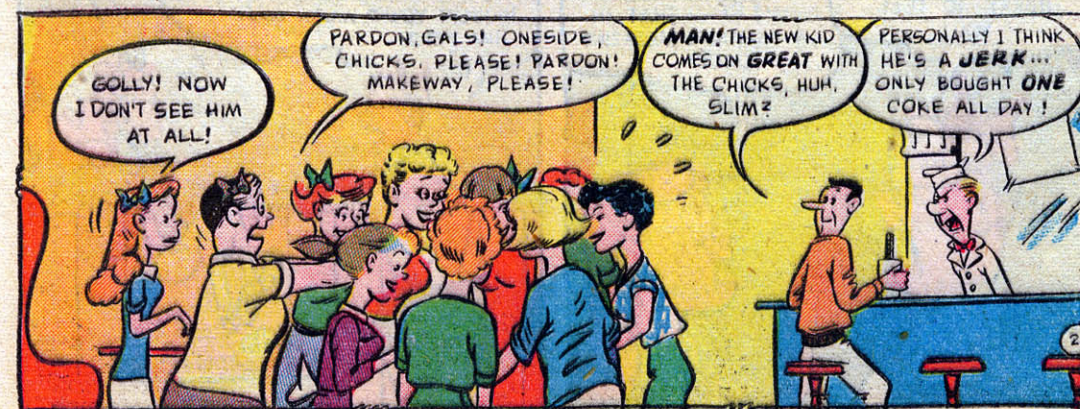
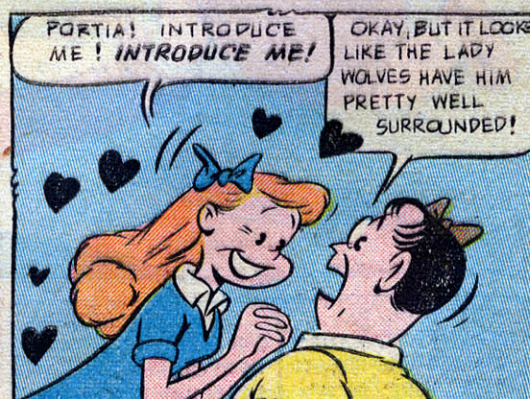
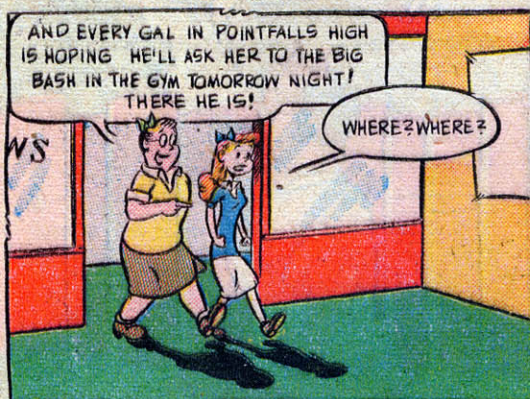
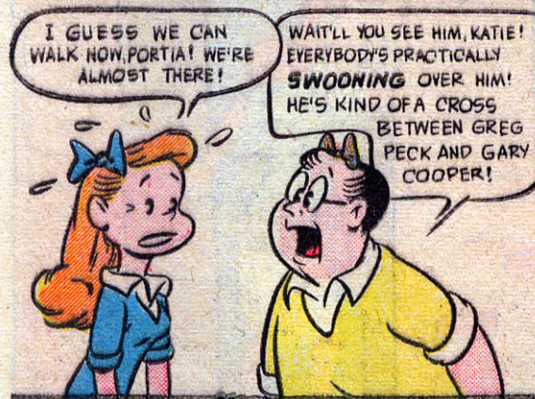
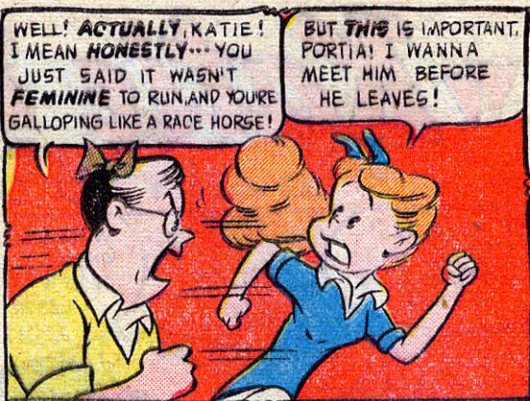
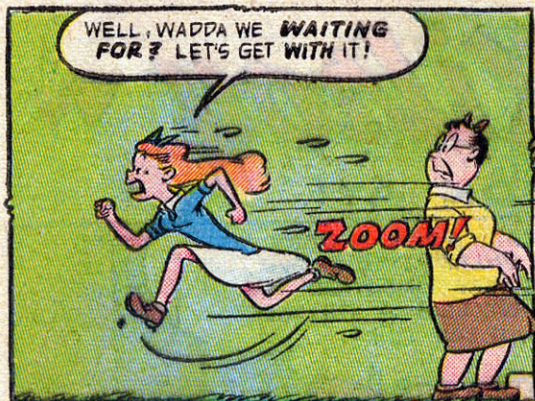


# Katie Kilroy

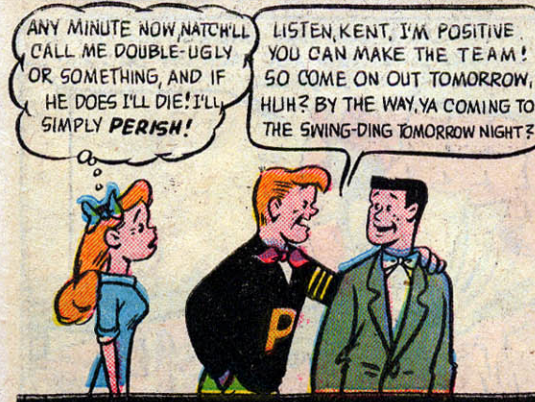
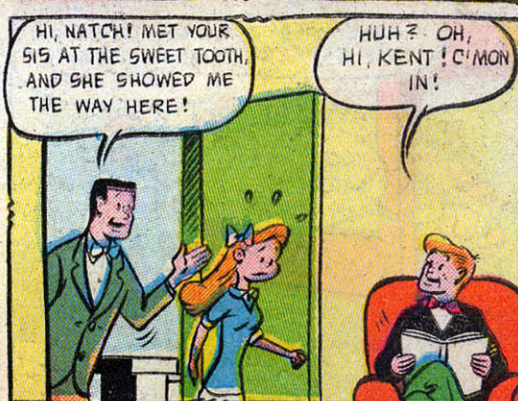
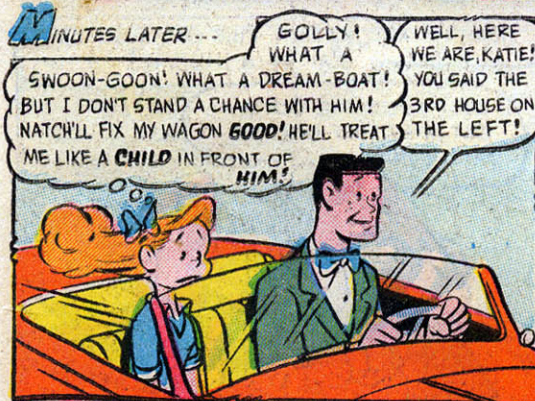
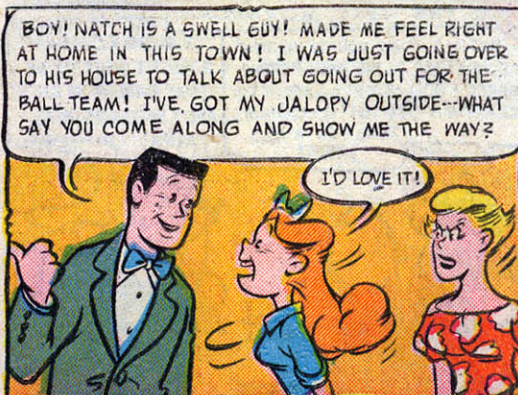
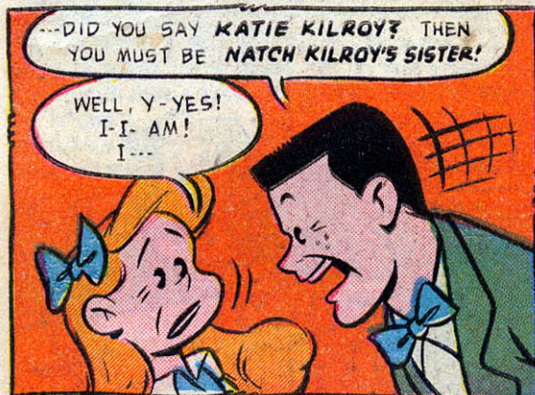
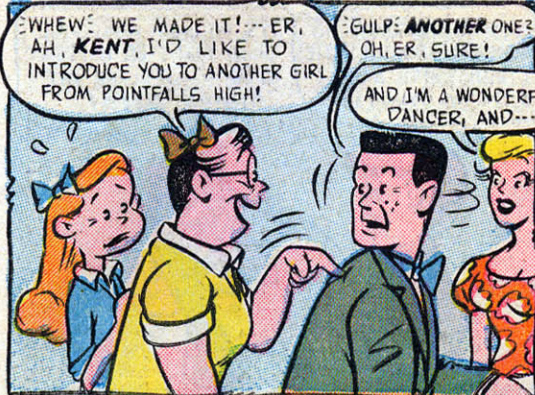
"LOVELY TO LOOK AT!"



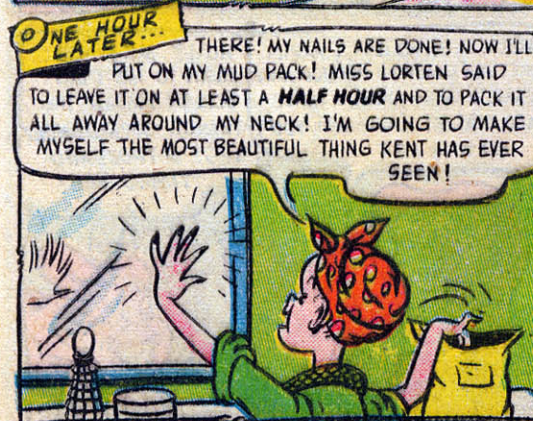
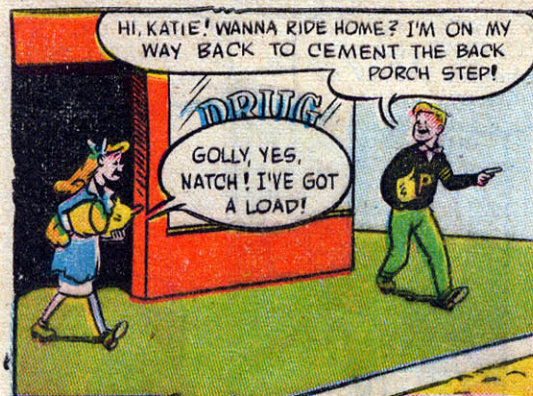
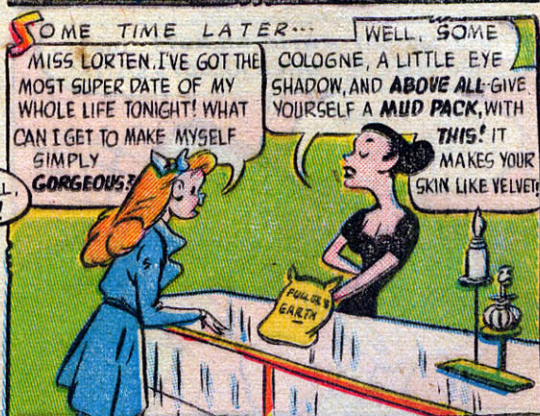
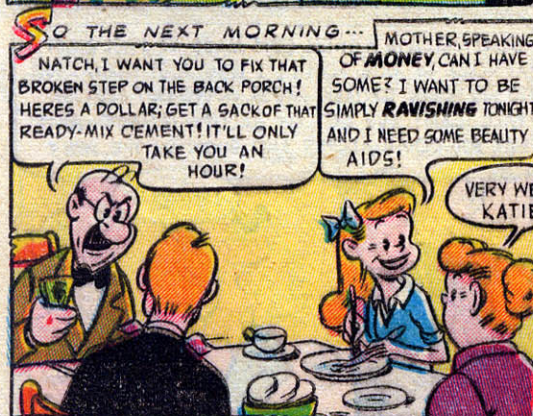
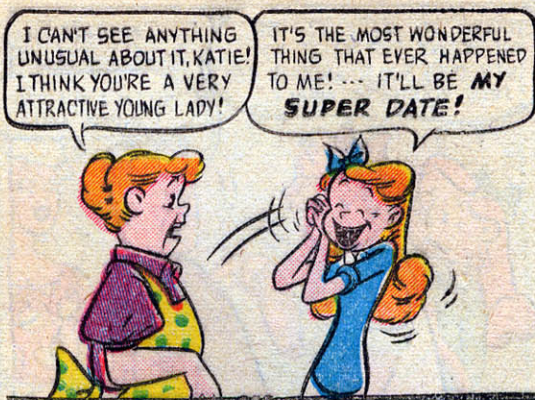
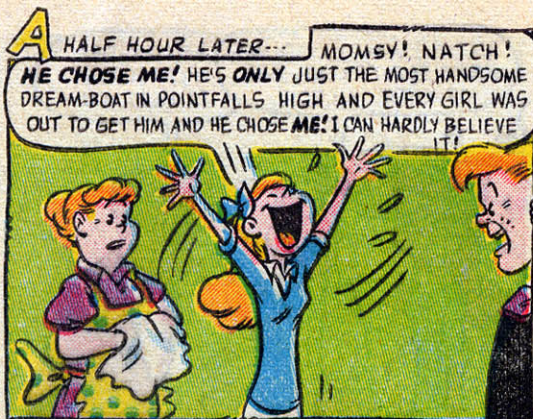














HOLY COW, MOM--WHAT A HASSEL!  
I CAN'T FIX THE BACK STEP! THIS  
READY-MIX CEMENT ISN'T ANY GOOD--IT  
KEEPS **CRUMPLING** AWAY ALL THE TIME! POP'LL  
FLIP HIS WIG WHEN HE SEES IT ISN'T  
FIXED!

THAT'S ODD!  
YOUR FATHER'S USED  
IT SEVERAL TIMES  
AND--

MOTHER! MOTH-E-ERR! YOU GOTTA HELP  
ME! I CAN'T GET MY MUD PACK  
**OFF!**

KATIE KILROY, YOU'RE  
BEING **SILLY!** A MUD PACK  
SHOULD **CRUMPLE** RIGHT OFF!  
NOW TRY IT AGAIN!

**CRUMPLE RIGHT OFF? OH, NO! ... HOLY  
COW! IF WHAT I THINK HAPPENED ... JUST A  
SEC ... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!**

LOOK! KATIE'S GOT MY READY-MIX  
CEMENT ON HER **FACE**, AND I'VE BEEN TRYING  
TO FIX THE BACK DOOR WITH HER MUD PACK!  
WE MUST'VE GOT THE SACKS MIXED IN THE  
CAR!

**EEEK!**

I CAN'T BUDGE IT! NATCH,  
CALL THE DOCTOR! CALL  
YOU'RE FATHER TO  
COME HOME! HURRY!

BAW! IF YOU DON'T  
GET THIS OFF I'LL  
HAVE TO GIVE UP THE  
BIGGEST DATE OF MY  
LIFE!

**ZOOM!**

**MINUTES LATER ...**

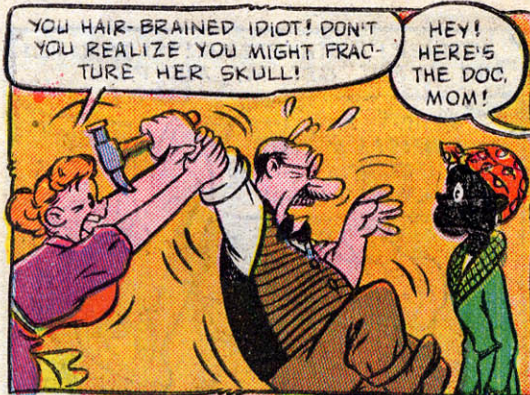
**EMMA!**  
IS THAT INSANE STORY NATCH  
TOLD ME TRUE?

YES! KATIE'S  
WHOLE FACE  
IS ENCASED  
IN CEMENT!

WHY HAVN'T SOMEBODY **DONE** SOMETHING?  
NATCH! GET ME MY **TOOL  
CHEST!** HURRY!

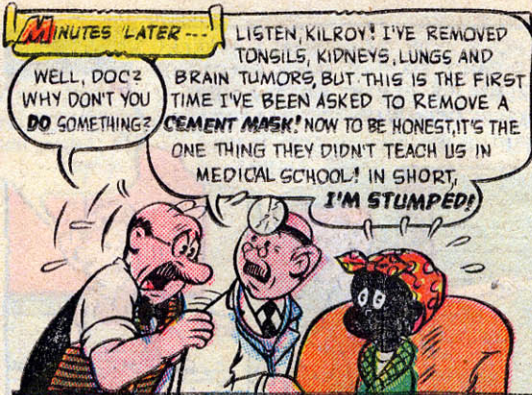
NOW, DON'T WORRY, HONEY!  
YOU'RE OLD DADDY'LL HAVE  
IT OFF IN A SECOND!





YOU HAIR-BRAINED IDIOT! DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU MIGHT FRACTURE HER SKULL!

HEY! HERE'S THE DOC, MOM!



MINUTES LATER ...  
WELL, DOC? WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING?

LISTEN, KILROY! I'VE REMOVED TONGUES, KIDNEYS, LUNGS AND BRAIN TUMORS, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN ASKED TO REMOVE A CEMENT MASK! NOW TO BE HONEST, IT'S THE ONE THING THEY DIDN'T TEACH US IN MEDICAL SCHOOL! IN SHORT, I'M STUMPED!



YE GODS! WHAT 'LL WE DO?

I SUGGEST YOU CALL THE CITY STREET DEPARTMENT! THEY HAVE EXPERTS THERE ON TAKING UP OLD CEMENT ROADS AND SIDEWALKS! MAYBE THEY CAN HELP!



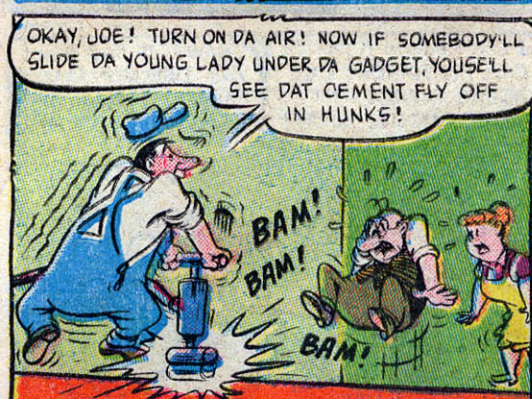
A HALF HOUR LATER ...  
SOMEBODY HERE CALL AN EXPERT ON REMOVING CEMENT SIDEWALKS!

YES! LOOK! OUR DAUGHTER'S ENCASED IN CEMENT! CAN YOU GET IT OFF?

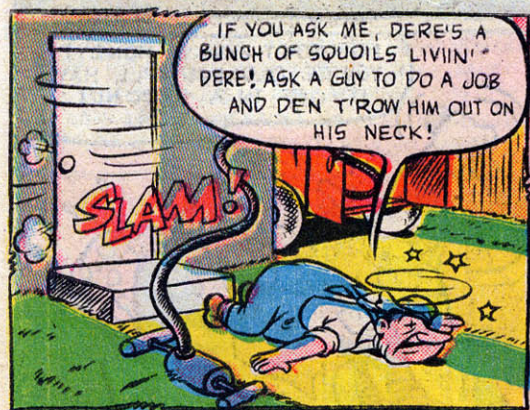


SURE! I'LL GET ME SPECIAL INSTRUMENT FOR DA PURPOSE! ON SECOND, FRIEND!

THANK GOODNESS!



OKAY, JOE! TURN ON DA AIR! NOW IF SOMEBODY'LL SLIDE DA YOUNG LADY UNDER DA GADGET, YOUSE'LL SEE DAT CEMENT FLY OFF IN HUNKS!



IF YOU ASK ME, DERE'S A BUNCH OF SQUOILS LIVIN'! DERE! ASK A GUY TO DO A JOB AND DEN T'ROW HIM OUT ON HIS NECK!



BAW! I'M NOT ONLY GONNA LOSE MY SUPER DATE, BUT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE I'LL BE KNOWN AS THE **GIRL IN THE CEMENT MASK!**

NOW, KATIE! CHEER UP! MAYBE SOMEBODY'LL WRITE A BOOK ABOUT YOU LIKE THEY DID ABOUT THE MAN IN THE **IRON MASK**, AND YOU'LL BE **FAMOUS!**



I DON'T WANNA BE FAMOUS!  
I JUST WANNA LOOK  
LIKE OTHER PEOPLE  
AGAIN! BAW!

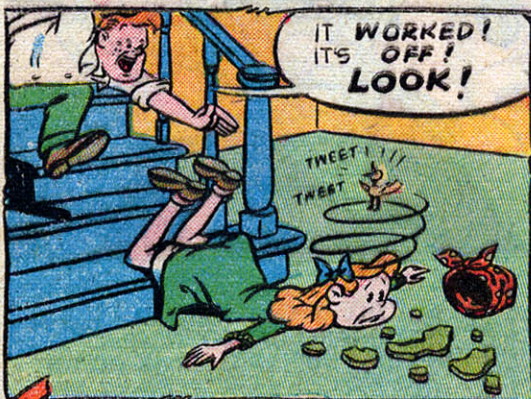
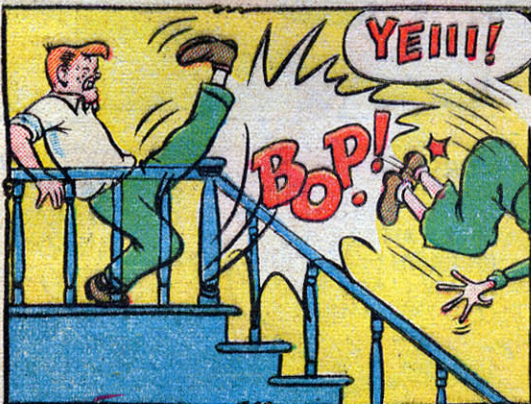
HEY! I THINK I KNOW  
SOMETHING THAT MIGHT  
**WORK!**... KATIE,  
COME ON UPSTAIRS  
WITH ME!

NOW JUST STAND RIGHT  
THERE, KATIE, AND **RELAX**  
COMPLETELY!

RELAX?

YEAH!

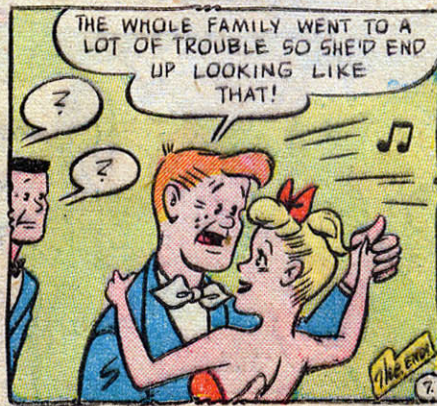
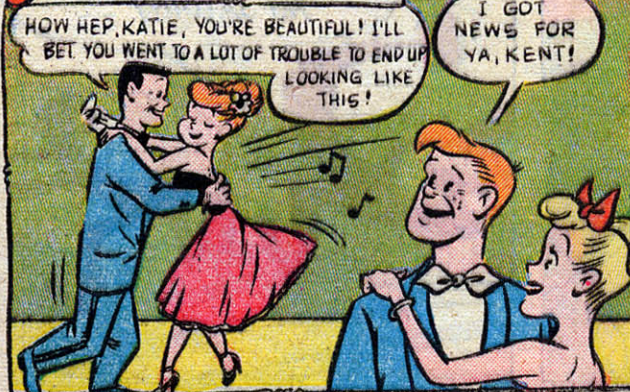
OKAY!



NATCH! YOU WONDERFUL,  
DARLING BROTHER, YOU! I  
NEVER THOUGHT I'D KISS  
YOU FOR KICKING ME  
DOWNSTAIRS, BUT I'M  
GONNA!

AW, IT WAS NOTHIN'  
KATIE! I READ ONCE  
WHERE IF PEOPLE FELL  
COMPLETELY RELAXED,  
THEY WOULDN'T  
GET HURT!

SO LATER THAT NIGHT...





# The GREATEST

HELLO, RICK? IT'S ALL OFF, MAN! I GOTTA MOW THE LAWN T'DAY!

RELAX, I'VE GOT AN ANGLE! THERE'S A KID LIVES NEAR HERE THAT OWNS A COUPLA SHEEP, AND I'LL BET I CAN GET HIM TO LEAVE 'EM ON YOUR LAWN TODAY!-- THEY'LL EAT GRASS SHORTER THAN YOU CAN CUT IT!

I'LL CALL YA BACK AND LET YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAYS!

HEY! KEEN, HEY!

MINUTES LATER--

GOOD NEWS! HE'LL BRING 'EM OVER AND LEAVE 'EM ON YOUR LAWN! SO COME ON OVER TO MY PLACE AND LET'S GO SWIMMIN'!

I'M ALREADY ON MY WAY, RICK! WOW!

LATER IN THE DAY--

YIIII! MY JALOPY! -- IT'S GONE!

CRUNCH!

WAIT'LL I GET YOU, YOU BIRDBRAIN! THOSE WEREN'T SHEEP, THEY WERE BILLY-GOATS! INSTEAD OF MOWIN' DOWN MY LAWN, THEY MOWED DOWN MY JALOPY!



## You Can WIN

This 15' tall  
SILVER TROPHY  
JUST AS I DID IN  
10 MINUTES  
OF FUN  
A DAY!

# I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

## 2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-  
ARMED **SISSY** below  
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE  
YOUR LAST  
CHANCE  
TO GET FOR  
ALL 5 **10¢**  
PICTURE  
PACKED COURSES  
MILLIONS HAVE  
BEEN SOLD FOR  
**\$1 AND MORE**

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

*Roger D'Hirsch*  
NEW YORK

There's that  
skinny scarecrow  
**ROGER**. Let's  
pass him by!



**ROGER HIRSCH**  
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.  
Look at him NOW—  
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN  
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**  
can be  
soon!

**YES!** You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**  
Gain Pounds, **INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!



Roger Hirsch  
before

**NO!** friend you  
don't have to be  
**SKINNY** any more  
just mail **NOW**  
the **FREE**  
coupon below  
as I did. Soon  
**YOU** can add

**6½ inches** to your **CHEST**  
**3 inches** to each **ARM**  
and the rest  
in proportion  
just as I did.

Come on, **PAL**, NOW  
**YOU** GIVE ME

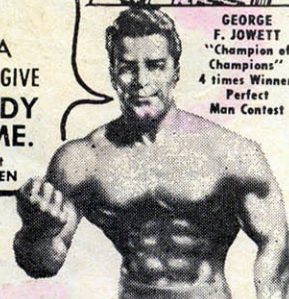
**10** PLEASANT MINUTES A  
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE  
**YOU** a NEW **HE-MAN BODY**  
For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**.

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest  
Builder of HE-MEN

**NO!** I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER** by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.



**FREE**



**GEORGE F. JOWETT**  
"Champion of  
Champions"  
4 times Winner  
Perfect  
Man Contest

**BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!**

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. AM-29

"Jowett Courses  
greatest in  
World for  
Building  
All-Around  
HE-MEN!"  
—R. F. Kelley  
Director  
Physical

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_





# Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

## BUY NOW at our LOW LOW PRICES!

**NEW! SENSATIONAL!**  
**8 METAL CAR**  
**"ACTION FLEET"**  
 A Terrific Toy Set

- Windows Go Up and Down
- Windshield wipers move...
- Can move and Bangs...
- Bell clangs...
- Taximeter registers...

Fascinate the youngsters with hours of fun and action. Imagine—every car WORKS in the line of duty! 1 car with working windshield wiper, 2 cars with windows that open and close, 1 police car with gun that bangs and recoils, 1 ambulance with ringing and swaying bell, 2 taxis with meters that register fare, 1 fire chief car with bell that rings and sways. All 8 cars made of durable steel... rubber wheels cannot come out... bottoms completely enclosed... all new Twintone and metallic finish... all differently colored. SEND NO MONEY (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

**RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!**

**Only \$2.98 COMPLETE**

**Hi! I'm GINGER!**  
 the Doll whose HAIR YOU CAN WAVE!

**FREE HAIR WAVE KIT**

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

**NEW!**

A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of... plastic curlers... rubber waving bands... waving end papers... plastic comb... and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real "baby sister" to play with.

**Only \$3.98 complete**

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**SUPER DELUXE**  
**ELECTRIC TV PROJECTOR**  
 SHOWS REAL FILMS

- A BIG SHOW "Little Red Riding Hood"
- A REAL PROJECTOR! Bright Red Plastic!
- A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
- COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate

**Imagine Only \$2.98 COMPLETE** Projector, One Film and Screen!

**HAPPY the COWBOY**

HE'S OVER 19" TALL!  
 MOVES HIS MOUTH,  
 ARMS AND LEGS!  
 REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course!) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY'S mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties—not school! SEND NO MONEY (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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**EXTRA FILM**  
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**ONLY \$1.00**

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 JACK AND JILL  
 RIP VAN WINKLE  
 TOM THUMB  
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 HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT  
 WINKIE WILLIE

Now any child can show the most exciting movies at home with this streamlined TELEVIEW Projector, complete with colorful theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and simple to operate—nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for friends and family. You boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Shows, and running movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all!

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- |  |   |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> HAPPY THE COWBOY \$2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> Ginger \$3.98                              |

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